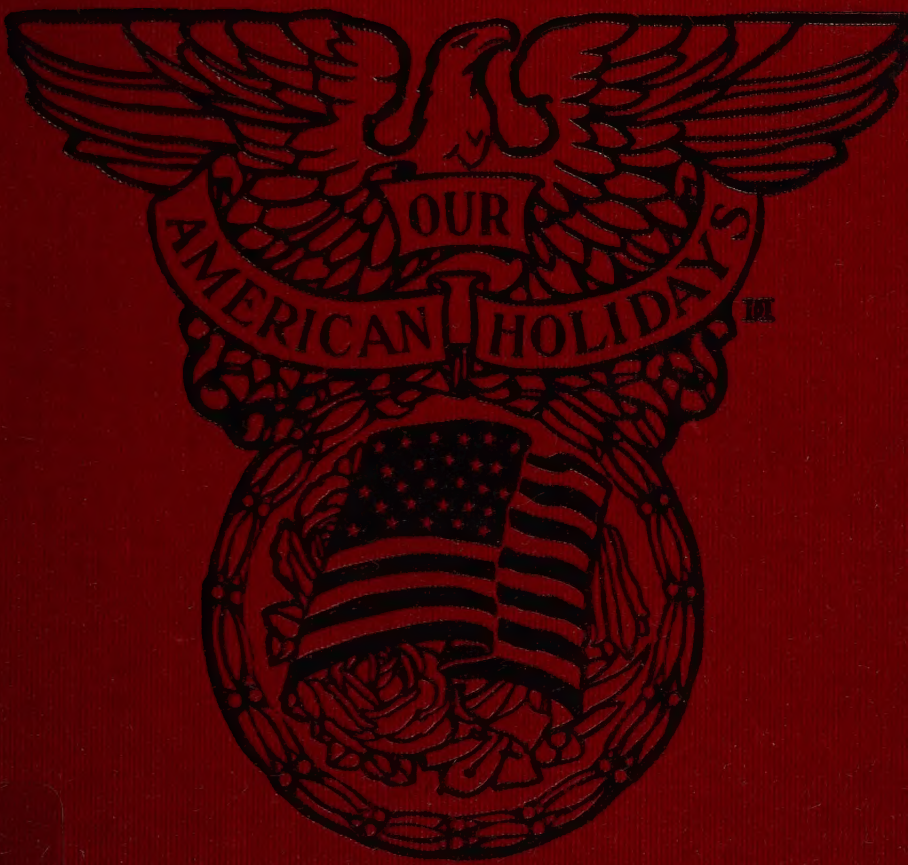
MEMORIAL-DAY



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Our American Holidays

MEMORIAL DAY

OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

EDITED BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

ARBOR DAY (*April*)
CHRISTMAS (*December 25*)
EASTER (*March or April*)
FLAG DAY (*June 14*)
INDEPENDENCE DAY (*July 4*)
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY (*February 12*)
MEMORIAL DAY (*May 30*)
MOTHER'S DAY (*Second Sunday in May*)
THANKSGIVING (*Last Thursday in November*)
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (*February 22*)

Our American Holidays

MEMORIAL DAY

(DECORATION DAY)

ITS CELEBRATION, SPIRIT, AND SIGNIFICANCE AS RELATED IN PROSE AND VERSE, WITH A NON-SECTIONAL ANTHOLOGY OF THE CIVIL WAR

EDITED BY

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

From out our crowded calendar,
One day we pluck to give;
It is the day the Dying pause
To honor those who live.

McLANDBURGH WILSON

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FOREWORD

MEMORIAL DAY brings with it the memory of those who have fallen in our wars, those who gave everything, even life itself, that the nation might live, that right and justice might prevail.

The World War has added its hundreds of thousands to that heroic band who fell serving the country so gallantly in our earlier wars.

Those who died were the men who appreciated the responsibility of each and every citizen for service; those who answered the call of duty. They realized that the nation had given them equality of privilege and had the right in return to demand equality of obligation for service. They served, animated by a spirit of service and sacrifice which knew no limit. Their memory and example will always be an inspiration to our people for loyal, unselfish service—service to the limit of our powers, mental and physical.

The issues for which many of them fought and died have long been settled, but the spirit of service and sacrifice of those true Americans is alive today. If the nation is to endure and perform its duty in the world it must ever be kept alive; it must never be allowed to falter.

LEONARD WOOD.

Fort Sheridan, Illinois.
February Twenty-third.
Nineteen Twenty-one.

PREFACE

In harmony with the generous non-sectional spirit characterizing our Memorial Day celebration, no discrimination has been shown in this collection between the literature of South and North. For our secular All Souls' Day knows neither North nor South, Blue nor Gray.

The sole discrimination shown has been in selecting from all sources the most beautiful poetry and the most eloquent prose in this first attempt to reveal, from various viewpoints, the true spirit and significance of the festival and of the events leading thereto.

A war anthology is included.

NOTE

The Editor and Publishers wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Houghton, Mifflin & Company; The Century Co.; J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Bobbs-Merrill Co.; Dodd, Mead & Co.; Mr. David McKay, John Macy, and others who have very kindly granted permission to reprint selections from works bearing their copyright.

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INTRODUCTION

Days particularly set apart for ceremonies in honor of the dead are common to mankind and are well-nigh as old as history itself.

The Greeks performed impressive rites called Zoai, at each new grave. These involved various libations and offerings of olives and flowers. The head of the departed was crowned with a floral wreath, and a luxuriance of bloom springing from the grave of the dead one was considered a token of his happiness.

The Romans honored their ancestors in a festival called the Parentalia, celebrated from February 13th to 21st. During this period the temples were closed, and the magistrates were obliged to go without the insignia of their office. The last day was called the Feralia. Then wine and milk, honey and oil, fruit, bread, salt, eggs, and the blood of cattle, pigs, and black sheep were brought to the tombs and offered up to the shades of the departed. The tomb was decorated with wreaths and flowers, especially roses and violets, as the later Latin poets record.

Our ancestors, the Druids, were believers in the transmigration of souls and celebrated their memorial day about the first of November on the eve of the great autumnal festival of thanksgiving to the sun. This was the time when their god Saman, the Lord of Death, was supposed to call together and pass judgment upon poor

souls who had been obliged for their sins to inhabit the bodies of animals during the year. But, through the priests, by means of gifts and incantations, the cruel heart of Saman might be softened at this season. Even in China and Japan there exists an ancient festival in honor of the dead, known as The Feast of Lanterns.

Our Memorial Day is simply a secular All Souls' Day. Like most Christian festivals the latter is only a pagan feast in a new form. On that day the Roman Catholics endeavor, by prayers and charity, to soften the suffering of the poor souls in purgatory. The early Christians wrote the names of the dead on the diptychs or altar lists and from these the priest read the names of those for whom he was to pray that God might give them "a place of refreshment, light, and peace."

In the sixth century the Benedictine monasteries used to hold a memorial service, at Whitsuntide, for their departed brothers. In 998 Abbot Odilon of Cluny instituted in all the monasteries in his congregation the practice of saying the Mass for the dead on the morrow of the Feast of All Saints, and obliging the priests to recite in private the matins and lauds from the office of the dead.

It is fascinating to study the customs of this holiday in different ages and nations. The account given by Walsh[1] is well worth following:

"In ancient times it was customary for criers, dressed in black, to parade the streets, ringing a bell of mourn-

[1] In "Curiosities of Popular Customs."

ful sound and calling on all good Christians to remember the poor souls in purgatory and join in prayer for their relief. In Southern Italy, notably in Salerno, there was another ancient custom, which was put an end to in the fifteenth century because it was thought to savor of paganism. Every family used to spread a table abundantly for the regalement of the souls of its dead members on their way from purgatory. All then spent the day in church, leaving the house open, and if any of the food remained on the table when they came back it was an ill omen. Curiously enough, large numbers of thieves used to resort to the city at this time, and there was seldom any food left to presage evil. A story strangely like this is told in the Apocryphal book of Bel and the Dragon.

"All Souls' Day possesses a peculiar sanctity for all who have ever felt the poetry which underlies the services of the Catholic Church. In the toil and moil of life we too easily forget the dead, or remember them only with a sense of loss instead of gratitude. Hence it seems well that once in the year an opportunity should be afforded for dwelling on them in a different way, for recalling all that endeared them to us, which often means all that has lent our past life emotional value, for drawing close to them in the spiritual bonds which according to the Catholic Church are not severed by death, and for offering them that pious meed of prayer which, the same authority guarantees, will shorten their stay in purgatory and open out to them the sooner the final glory and peace of paradise.

"In nothing does the strange contrast of feeling appear more strongly than in the different ways in which

this day is celebrated in countries or districts which are equally Roman Catholic in their profession of faith. In all, the religious services are substantially the same; Masses for the dead are read, the 'Dies Iræ' is sung, and the prayer 'Eternal rest grant them, O Lord, and let perpetual life shine upon them' rises from thousands of hearts as well as lips. But outside the church nothing can be more unlike than the bearing of the worshipers.

"In France the Jour des Morts, as it is generally known, is a decorous, pathetic, and beautiful occasion among all believers. For two or three weeks before the day arrives the shop windows and the news-venders' kiosks are laden with wreaths and garlands of immortelles, some in their natural color, some dyed blue, pink, or purple. On All Saints' the people stream to the cemeteries. Thousands of people, thousands of wreaths. The cemeteries are one mass of brilliant color, of moving throngs, for not even the remotest corner of the potter's field is neglected. Above the dust of the pauper, as well as of the prince, is left some token of remembrance. Pains are taken that no graves of friends and relatives are neglected, lest their spirits should have their feelings hurt during their visit by perceiving this neglect. The children, especially, are encouraged to delight in the thought of pleasing the little dead brother, sister, or friend by making the tiny mounds that mark their resting-places gay and bright-looking.

"The higher classes behave with the quietude and self-restraint of well-bred people everywhere. But down among the common people are manifested the

emotions of the heart, sad remembrance, re-awakened grief, love outlasting its object.

"It is true that even into the midst of this pathetic ceremony the Parisians sometimes manage to obtrude politics. On November 2, 1868, a strange scene was enacted in the cemetery of Montmartre. The Empire was then at the height of its unpopularity. A large number of its enemies came bearing flowers to seek for the tomb of Alphonse Baudin, the representative of the people who had died at the barricades on December 2, 1851. For seventeen years this had been reported lost. But thousands of eager searchers soon located it, and it was covered with a pyramid of immortelles and other flowers. Revolutionary speeches were made, and there were some conflicts with the police. Next morning some of the liberal journals opened a subscription-list for a monument to Baudin. But the movement was stopped by the Imperial Government, and several of the editors were fined.

"Scenes of this sort, however, are infrequent, and occur only among unbelievers. Now contrast the Frenchman with the Southern Italian.

"Nothing can be more grewsome, incongruous, and flippant—to the Northern mind—than the All Souls' celebrations in Naples. The *Saturday Review* of January 7, 1888, gives an account of these which is as true to-day as it was then:

'In Naples All Souls' Day is regarded as a holiday, and the visit of the families to the churchyard for the purpose of decorating the graves degenerates into a pleasure-party. Metal garlands are chiefly used for the purpose; and, though they are more durable, they

hardly possess the charm of real leaves and flowers. They may, however, be regarded as symbolic of the behavior, if not always of the feelings, of those who offer them. On the way to the cemetery a decent sobriety is observed, and the various families usually remain separate; but on the return general sociability and mirth are the rule. The roadside is lined with inns, which are better filled on this than any other day in the year, and from all of them the sound of singing and dancing may be heard. Indeed, it is by no means uncommon for a young Neapolitan to say to a friend, "We are going to visit our mother's grave to-morrow, and on our way back we shall stop at such or such an inn;" which means, "If you like to come there, you can dance with my sister." To an Englishman no celebration of the day seems a better thing. If we forget our dead, we do not make their memory the excuse for a jollification.

'In the villages where the day is observed with a certain seriousness, grotesque incidents are apt to mar, for the stranger at least, the sense of mournful calm which the religious services excite. In one of the churches of Ravello, for example, a disgusting effigy is placed before the high altar, instead of the shrouded structure in which, during the funeral service, the coffin is placed. The very skill with which it is made renders it the more repulsive. The fallen cheeks and livid hue are rendered with what seems, in the half-light, a frightful realism; and it is clad in the court dress of some former century, in a suit embroidered with gold, red stockings, and pointed shoes. Or it is perhaps a real mummy? The writer did not pause to inquire.

In fact, the South Italian seems to be utterly destitute of the feeling which prompts us to conceal, as far as possible even from our imaginations, all that is revolting in death.'

"In France the Jour des Morts is kept utterly distinct from La Toussaint, or All Saints' Day, which occurs on November 1st. This is also true of Italy. But in many other European Catholic countries the decorating of graves begins on All Saints' Day, either because it is looked upon as the Eve of All Souls', or from the pious and complimentary hope that the dead in whom the celebrant is interested may have already passed out of the penitential flames of purgatory into the company of the blessed. In a Catholic Alpine village, as soon as the Mass has been heard on All Saints', the women of the family busy themselves with weaving wreaths of evergreens, into which any flowers that are still hardy enough to blossom are eagerly worked. In the afternoon these are carried to the churchyard and laid upon the graves with almost silent reverence; and in the evening a lamp is placed at the foot of the last resting-place of every departed friend. At such a time the cemetery is a strange sight, with the garlands, the lights, and the groups of mourners kneeling, often in the snow."

Scarcely less curious than this survey of Memorial Day manners is Brand's [1] account of the very general custom of strewing flowers upon the graves of the departed.

"Gough, in the 'Sepulchral Monuments,' speaking of

[1] In "Popular Antiquities."

the Feralia, says: 'The tombs were decked with flowers, particularly roses and lilies. The Greeks used the amaranth and polyanthus (one species of which resembles the hyacinth), parsley, myrtle. The Romans added fillets or bandeaux of wool. The primitive Christians reprobated these as impertinent practices.' St. Ambrose, in his Funeral Oration on the Death of Valentinian, has these words: 'I will not sprinkle his grave with flowers, but pour on his spirit the odor of Christ. Let others scatter baskets of flowers: Christ is our lily, and with this will I consecrate his relics.' And St. Jerome, in his Epistle to Pammachius, upon the death of his wife, tells us: 'Whilst other husbands strewed violets, roses, lilies, and purple flowers upon the graves of their wives, and comforted themselves with such-like offices, Pammachius bedewed her ashes and venerable bones with the balsam of alms.' But in Prudentius's time they had adopted these customs, and they obtain, in a degree, in some parts of our own country, as the garland hung up in some village churches in Cambridgeshire, and other counties, after the funeral of a young woman, and the inclosure of roses round graves in the Welsh churchyards testify.

"In Malkin's 'Scenery, Antiquities, and Biography of South Wales,' we read: 'The bed on which the corpse lies is always strewed with flowers, and the same custom is observed after it is laid in the coffin. They bury much earlier than we do in England; seldom later than the third day, and very frequently on the second. The habit of filling the bed, the coffin, and the room with sweet-scented flowers, though originating probably in delicacy as well as affection, must of course have a

strong tendency to expedite the progress of decay. It is an invariable practice, both by day and night, to watch a corpse; and so firm a hold has this supposed duty gained on their imaginations, that probably there is no instance upon record of a family so unfeeling and abandoned as to leave a dead body in the room by itself for a single minute in the interval between the death and burial. Such a violation of decency would be remembered for generations. The hospitality of the country is not less remarkable on melancholy than on joyful occasions. The invitations to a funeral are very general and extensive, and the refreshments are not light, and taken standing, but substantial and prolonged. Any deficiency in the supply of ale would be as severely censured on this occasion as at a festival. The grave of the deceased is constantly overspread with plucked flowers for a week or two after the funeral. The planting of graves with flowers is confined to the villages and the poorer people. It is perhaps a prettier custom. It is very common to dress the graves on Whitsunday and other festivals, when flowers are to be procured; and the frequency of this observance is a good deal affected by the respect in which the deceased was held. My father-in-law's grave in Cowbridge Church has been strewed by his surviving servants every Sunday morning for these twenty years. It is usual for a family not to appear at church till what is called the month's end, when they go in a body, and then are considered as having returned to the common offices of life.'

" In the same work, in notes on an Elegy written by Mason, we are told again that ' it is a very ancient and

general practice in Glamorgan to plant flowers on the graves; so that many churchyards have something like the splendor of a rich and various parterre. Besides this, it is usual to strew the graves with flowers and evergreens, within the church as well as out of it, thrice at least every year, on the same principle of delicate respect as the stones are whitened. No flowers or evergreens are permitted to be planted on graves but such as are sweet-scented: the pink and polyanthus, sweet-williams, gilliflowers and carnations, mignonette, thyme, hyssop, camomile, and rosemary, make up the pious decoration of this consecrated garden. Turnsoles, peonies, the African marigold, the anemone, and many others I could mention, though beautiful, are never planted on graves, because they are not sweet-scented. It is to be observed, however, that this tender custom is sometimes converted into an instrument of satire; so that, where persons have been distinguished for their pride, vanity, or any other unpopular quality, the neighbors whom they may have offended plant these also by stealth upon their graves. The white rose is always planted on a virgin's tomb. The red rose is appropriated to the grave of any person distinguished for goodness, and especially benevolence of character. In the Easter week most generally the graves are newly dressed, and manured with fresh earth, when such flowers or evergreens as may be wanted or wished for are planted. In the Whitsuntide holidays, or rather the preceding week, the graves are again looked after, weeded, and otherwise dressed, or, if necessary, planted again. It is a very common saying of such persons as employ themselves in thus

planting and dressing the graves of their friends, that they are cultivating their own freeholds. This work the nearest relations of the deceased always do with their own hands, and never by servants or hired persons. Should a neighbor assist, he or she never takes, never expects, and indeed is never insulted by the offer of any reward, by those who are acquainted with the ancient custom.

"Speaking of the church of Llanspyddid, on the south side of the Uske, surrounded with large and venerable yew-trees, Malkin observes: 'The natives of the principality pride themselves much on these ancient ornaments of their churchyards; and it is nearly as general a custom in Brecknockshire to decorate the graves of the deceased with slips either of bay or yew, stuck in the green turf, for an emblem of pious remembrance, as it is in Glamorganshire to pay a tribute of similar import in the cultivation of sweet-scented flowers on the same spot.'

"Gough, in 'Sepulchral Monuments,' says: 'Aubrey takes notice of a custom of planting rose-trees on the graves of lovers by the survivors, at Oakley, Surrey, which may be a remain of Roman manners among us; it being in practice among them and the Greeks to have roses yearly strewed on their graves.

"In the Female Mentor, 1798, ii., we read: 'Independently of the religious comfort which is imparted in our burial service, we sometimes see certain gratifications which are derived from immaterial circumstances; and, however trivial they may appear, are not to be judged improper, as long as they are perfectly innocent. Of this kind may be deemed the practice in

some country villages of throwing flowers into the grave; and it is curious to trace this apparently simple custom up to the politest periods of Greece and Rome. Virgil, describing Anchises grieving for Marcellus, says:

> Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
> Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
> Let me with funeral flow'rs his body strew:
> This gift, which parents to their children owe,
> This unavailing gift at least I may bestow.'"

It is eminently fitting that this custom of decorating the graves of our dead with flowers should play the leading part it does in the celebration of the Western Memorial Day. For the goddess Aphrodite was no more truly sea-born than this day was flower-born. It happened thus: Two years after the close of the Civil War the New York *Tribune* printed a paragraph simply stating that "the women of Columbus, Miss., have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers."

Whereupon the North thrilled with tenderness and Francis Miles Finch was inspired to write his moving lyric "The Blue and the Gray" which has become the credo of the festival.

In a famous address Chauncey M. Depew related the occurrence with felicity: "When the war was over in the South, where under warmer skies and with more poetic temperaments symbols and emblems are better understood than in the practical North, the widows, mothers, and the children of the Confederate

dead went out and strewed their graves with flowers; at many places the women scattered them impartially also over the unknown and unmarked resting-places of the Union soldiers. As the news of this touching tribute flashed over the North it roused, as nothing else could have done, national amity and love and allayed sectional animosity and passion. Thus out of sorrows common alike to North and South came this beautiful custom."

The incident, however, produced no practical results until in May, 1868, Adjutant-General N. P. Chipman suggested to National Commander John A. Logan, of the Grand Army of the Republic that their organization should inaugurate the custom of spreading flowers on the graves of the Union soldiers at some uniform time. General Logan immediately issued an order naming the 30th day of May, 1868, " for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, or hamlet churchyard in the land. . . . It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed."

The idea spread rapidly. Legislature after legislature enacted it into law until the holiday has become a legal one [1] in all states except Arkansas, Missouri, Montana, New Mexico, Texas, and West Virginia.

1 According to the table in " Deems' Holy Days and Holidays."

Throughout the North and West the festival is very generally celebrated on the 30th of May. But April 26th is observed in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi; May 10th in North and South Carolina; May 30th in Virginia; and June 3d in Louisiana.

Decoration Day, the earlier name of the festival, was soon felt to be too superficial to express the profound ideas and emotions to which the occasion is dedicated, just as we now feel that Arbor Day is a name quite inadequate for the holiday devoted to the great principle of conservation. But, unlike the name of the latter, Decoration Day was felicitously changed to Memorial Day.

This festival, says an unknown writer in the *Illustrated American* for June 21, 1890, "is not merely a holiday in the modern acceptation of the word, it realizes its etymological significance as a holy day. It is our All Saints' Day, sacred to the memory of the glorified dead who consecrated themselves to their country, were baptized in blood, were beatified and canonized as martyrs for the right. It is well that, in the hurry and press of our times, when the higher soul within us is choked and stifled by the more sordid cares of the hour, by the selfish struggle for place and pelf, we should pause for a period to dwell upon the memory of the illustrious dead who gave their lives for their country, and who typify that higher and truer Americanism which lies within us still, dormant and latent indeed, yet ready to spring again to the surface whenever the needs of the country issue a new call to arms. It is well that we should do them honor which honors ourselves in the doing. But it is well, also, that we should

remember what was their true mission and their higher success: that they fought not through enmity to a gallant and mistaken foe, but through love for the Union, which recognized no North and no South. That Union they have restored, and union means peace, harmony, mutual good will. If they had merely pinned together with bayonets the two divided sections of the country, they had fought and bled and fallen in vain. Northern hatred for the South, Southern hatred for the North, is disloyalty, is treason indeed to the Union which they re-established. A few political 'leaders'—'leaders' who are far in the rear of public sentiment—have sought to make political capital out of the fact that Southerners cherish the memory of the heroes who fought on their side, and have raised statues to commemorate them. But we who remember with pride the achievements of our soldiers are proud to acknowledge that they had foemen worthy of their steel, and that a common country gave birth to both. The arbitrament of the sword has settled forever the questions over which no other tribunal had jurisdiction, and the nation went through the throes of a civil war for the benefit of North and South alike."

To many of us this reunion seems to symbolize the sublime side of the Anglo-Saxon nature and yearly to renew our faith that after our next great internecine strife is over, when capital and labor have once and for all locked arms in their perhaps inevitable struggle, America may vindicate her inherent nobility then as now in

> "Love and tears for the Blue,
> Tears and love for the Gray."

I

CELEBRATION

MEMORIAL DAY

FOR OUR DEAD

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Flowers for our dead!
The delicate wild roses, faintly red;
The valley lily beds, as purely white
As shines their honor in the vernal light;
All blooms that be
As fragrant as their fadeless memory!
By tender hands entwined and garlanded,
Flowers for our dead!

Praise for our dead!
For those that followed and for those that led,
Whether they felt death's burning accolade,
When brothers drew the fratricidal blade,
Or closed undaunted eyes
Beneath the Cuban or Philippine skies!
While waves our brave, bright banner overhead,
Praise for our dead!

Love for our dead!
O hearts that droop and mourn, be comforted!
The darksome path through the abyss of pain,
The final hour of travail not in vain!

For freedom's morning smile
Broadens across the seas from isle to isle.
By reverent lips let this fond word be said:
Love for our dead!

AN ODE FOR DECORATION DAY

BY HENRY PETERSON

Bring flowers, to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead—our glorious dead!
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time
  When they who sleep beneath
  Were full of vigorous breath.
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
  Holding in strong right hand
  The fortunes of the land,
The pride and power and safety of the North!
It seems but yesterday
The long and proud array—
But yesterday when e'en the solid rock
Shook as with earthquake shock—
As North and South, like two huge icebergs, ground
Against each other with convulsive bound,
And the whole world stood still
  To view the mighty war,
  And hear the thunderous roar,
While sheeted lightnings wrapped each plain and hill.

Alas! how few came back
From battle and from wrack!
Alas! how many lie
Beneath a Southern sky,
Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
And all they fought for, won!
Sweeter, I think, their sleep,
More peaceful and more deep,
Could they but know their wounds were not in vain;
Could they but hear the grand triumphal strain,
And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead—
That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
And in that joy disdain the foeman's steel.

We mourn for all, but each doth think of one
More precious to the heart than aught beside—
Some father, brother, husband, or some son,
Who came not back or, coming, sank and died;
In him the whole sad list is glorified!
"He fell 'fore Richmond in the seven long days
When battle raged from morn till blood-dewed eve,
And lies there," one pale widowed mourner says,
And knows not most to triumph or to grieve.
"My boy fell at Fair Oaks," another sighs;
"And mine at Gettysburg," his neighbor cries,
And that great name each sad-eyed listener thrills.
I think of one who vanished when the press
Of battle surged along the Wilderness,
And mourned the North upon her thousand hills.

O gallant brothers of the generous South!
  Foes for a day, and brothers for all time,
I charge you by the memories of our youth,
  By Yorkstown's field and Montezuma's clime,
Hold our dead sacred, let them quietly rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best!
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a broidered mantle weave;
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen! be ye not outdone
  In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
  And they that give shall find it in their need.
Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
  Who died for a lost cause;
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave
  Ne'er won a world's applause!
(A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.)
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked, with longing eyes,
Through the sad days and nights, with tears and
      sighs—
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share;
For pity a high charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

Yes, bring fresh flowers, and strew the soldier's grave,
Whether he proudly lies
Beneath our Northern skies,
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave.
Let the bells toll, and wild war-music swell,
And for one day the thought of all the past—
Full of those memories vast—
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell!
Bring flowers, then, once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead.

COVER THEM OVER WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

Decoration Day Hymn

ANONYMOUS

Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs,
Deck them with garlands those brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their future forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.

Chorus.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over,
Parent and husband, brother and lover,
Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours,
Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high.
Beaten with hopes that were doomed but to die;
Hearts that have burned in the heat of the fray;
Hearts that have yearned for the home far away.
Once they were glowing with friendship and love,
Now their great souls have gone soaring above;
Bravely their blood to the nation they gave,
Then in her bosom they found them a grave.

Cho.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away,
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day,
They, who in mountain and hillside and dell,
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass blades creep round their repose;
Sweetly above them the wild flowret blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.

Cho.

When the long years have rolled slowly away,
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day;
When, at the angel's loud trumpet and tread,
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead,

When the great world its last judgment awaits;
When the blue sky shall fling open its gates,
And our long columns march silently through,
Past the Great Captain for final review.

Chorus.

Blessings for garlands shall cover them over,
Parent and husband, brother and lover,
God will reward those dead heroes of ours,
Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs.

MEMORIAL DAY

ANONYMOUS

Memorial Day, with its sad and sacred memories, has again come. And as each new one makes its advent, we recall anew the great and tragic events that made the occasion for the day. Time in his rapid flight has borne us on till we are thirty-one years from the close of the great Civil War, in which thousands of lives were sacrificed and billions of treasure expended to save our country from dismemberment. The asperities and alienations engendered by the great struggle between freedom and slavery have largely passed away; and those who participated as soldiers on both sides, who are still living, fraternize with each other as brothers and fellow-citizens of one common country, on whose glorious banner is inscribed forever,

E pluribus unum. It is meet that those who sacrificed and died in the struggle, or who sacrificed and have since died, should be remembered and honored for the invaluable service they have rendered their country and humanity. Let the graves of the dead soldiers be decorated with flowers and wreaths of laurel, and the memory of their noble deeds revived anew in oratory and song.

THE WHITE BRIGADE[1]

BY JOHN MACY

(On a recent Memorial Day, in New York City, while the veterans marched in the streets, processions of children, May parties postponed by a tardy spring, mingled with the crowds on the walks and in the parks.)

Between the cliffs of brick and stone,
  Hoarse, like a river clamoring down
A cañon gorge, the quenchless moan
  Of being echoes through the town.

The lurid streets with life are loud.
  There is no hush of holiday
Upon the million-throated crowd
  Where old men march—and children play.

For, see, the desert springs to light,
  Like fragile fairies roamed away
From magic woods, all clad in white,
  The children keep the feast of May.

[1] From the *Century Magazine.*

Up the stern streets, through park and square,
They seek the shaded plots of green,
Dear vaporous angels of the air,
Sweet phantoms from a mythic scene.

It is not real. Such elfin youth
To blossom 'mid this barren stone!
The bleak, loud city is the truth.
The vision of a dream is flown.

And yet it stays. The people part
To let the white processions through.
Rude, slandered walls, your hidden heart
Is pure, if such were born in you.

And now with slow tap to the drag
Of aged feet, the steady drum
Sounds where a cross street cleaves the crag,
And down the park the old troops come.

Strange interweaving of old gray
With delicate child white, all designed
On the tense fabric of to-day—
To-day with elder days entwined.

These ancient remnants tottering by
Were comrades to a host of boys,
Brave young battalions thrown to die,
Now white like those new-budded joys.

Slow-footed age, time-conquered, bowed,
We march as once you marched. Through you

We new recruits, this heedless crowd,
Are veterans, are victors, too.

White flame of childhood, we would throw
Our lives to shield you from a breath.
Pass on, old men, to peace, for, lo!
Life blooms among the ranks of death.

HONOR OUR PATRIOT DEAD

ANONYMOUS

Memorial Day is consecrated to the soldiers; it is dedicated to patriotism; around this sacred day cluster precious memories of our fallen brave. Over the silent chambers of our sleeping comrades we wreathe garlands of flowers—symbols of our love and gratitude. These graves are the Nation's shrine, the Mecca to which patriots journey to renew their devotion to the cause for which these patriots died. The fruits of their victories are a united country. This is a sacred heritage purchased by their valor and sealed by their blood. History is their encomium. Battlefields attest their courage.

"Sleep, heroes, sleep;
Your deeds shall never die."

FOR DECORATION DAY

BY RUPERT HUGHES

I

1861-1865

But do we truly mourn our soldier dead,
Or understand at all their precious fame—
We that were born too late to feel the flame
That leapt from lowly hearths, and grew, dispread,
And, like a pillar of fire, our armies led?
Or you that knew them—do the long years tame
The memory-anguish? Are they more than name?
Oh, let no stinted grief profane their bed!
Let tears bedew each wreath that decks the lawn
Of every grave! and raise a solemn prayer
That their battalioned souls be joined to fare
Dim roads, beyond the trumpets of the dawn,
Yet perfumed, somehow, by our flowers that heap
The peaceful barracks where their bodies sleep.

II

1898-1899

And now the long, long lines of the Nation's graves
Grow longer; and the venerate slopes reveal
The fresh spring turf gashed thick with tombs to seal
Away another army of our braves.
So hang black garlands from the architraves
Of all the capitols. The dying peal
Of bugles wails their final Taps. So kneel
And give the dead the due their virtue craves.

Thank God, the olden sinew still is bred;
The milk of American mothers still is sweet;
The sword of Seventy-six is sharp and bright;
The Flag still floats unblotted with defeat!
But ah the blood that keeps its ripples red,
The starry lives that keep its field alight;
The pangs of women and the tears they've bled.

The Lord enlarge our spirits till we feel
The greatness of these spirits upward fled.
A kind of genius it has been that fed
Them strength to be, above all passions, leal.
They put aside the velvet for the steel,
Left love, and hope, and ease at home; and sped
To the wilderness of war and every dread.
Their blood is mortar for our commonweal;
Their deeds its decoration and its boast.
So mix with dirges, triumph; smiles, with tears.
Make sorrow perfect with exultant pride—
Our vanished armies have not truly died;
They march to-day before the heavenly host;
And history's veterans raise a storm of cheers,
As the Yankee troops—with glory armed and shod—
In Grand Review swing past the throne of God.

LITTLE NAN

ANONYMOUS

The wide gates swung open,
The music softly sounded,
And loving hands were heaping the soldiers' graves
with flowers;

With pansies, pinks, and roses,
And pure gold-hearted lilies,
The fairest, sweetest blossoms that grace the spring-time bowers;

When down the walk came tripping
A wee, bare-headed girlie,
Her eyes were filled with wonder, her face was grave and sweet;
Her small brown hands were crowded
With dandelions yellow—
The gallant, merry blossoms that children love to greet.

O, many smiled to see her,
That dimple-cheeked wee baby,
Pass by with quaint intentness, as on a mission bound;
And, pausing oft an instant,
Let fall from out her treasures
A yellow dandelion upon each flower-strewn mound.

The music died in silence,
A robin ceased its singing,
And in the fragrant stillness a birdlike whisper grew,
So sweet, so clear and solemn,
That smiles gave place to tear-drops:
"Nan loves 'oo, darlin' soldier; an' here's a f'ower for 'oo."

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIER[1]

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A monument for the Soldiers!
  And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,
  Outlasting the Soldiers' love?
Can ye glorify it with legends
  As grand as their blood hath writ
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine
  To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it
  Out of our hopes made sure,
And out of our purest prayers and tears,
  And out of our faith secure:
We would build it out of the great white truths
  Their death hath sanctified,
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
  And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures
  Can the sculptor carve in stone?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,
  And the marble lips to moan?
Can the marble brow be fevered?
  And the marble eyes be graved
To look their last, as the flag floats past,
  On the country they have saved?

[1] From "Green Fields and Running Brooks," 1892, Bobbs-Merrill Co.

And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave,
And, as befitting, as pure and white
As the stars above their grave!
The marble lips, and breast, and brow
Whereon the laurel lies,
Bequeath us right to guard the flight
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!
Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye build it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate!

DECORATION DAY[1]

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

She saw the bayonets flashing in the sun,
The flags that proudly waved; she heard the bugles
calling;
She saw the tattered banners falling
About the broken staffs, as one by one
The remnant of the mighty army passed;

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

And at the last
Flowers for the graves of those whose fight was done.

She heard the tramping of ten thousand feet
As the long line swept round the crowded square;
She heard the incessant hum
That filled the warm and blossom-scented air,—
The shrilling fife, the roll and throb of drum,
The happy laugh, the cheer,—Oh glorious and meet
To honor thus the dead,
Who chose the better part
And for their country bled!
—The dead! Great God! she stood there in the street,
Living, yet dead in soul and mind and heart—
While far away
His grave was decked with flowers by strangers' hands
to-day.

MEMORIAL DAY

BY LOUIS IMOGEN GUINEY

O day of roses and regret,
Kissing the old graves of our own!
Not to the slain love's lovely debt
Alone;

But jealous hearts that live and ache
Remember, and while drums are mute,
Beneath your banners' bright outbreak,
Salute:

And say for us to lessening ranks
That keep the memory and the pride,
On whose thinned hair our tears and thanks
Abide,

Who from their saved Republic pass,
Glad with the Prince of Peace to dwell:
Hail, dearest few! and soon, alas,
Farewell.

II

SPIRIT AND SIGNIFICANCE

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD

Extract from an Oration delivered at Arlington, Va., May 30, 1868

I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept; plighted faith may be broken; and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke; but we do know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives, there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune, must still be assailed with temptations, before which lofty natures have fallen; but with these the conflict ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic char-

acter, and closed a record which years can never blot.

I know of nothing more appropriate on this occasion than to inquire what brought these men here; what high motive led them to condense life into an hour, and to crown that hour by joyfully welcoming death? Let us consider.

Eight years ago this was the most unwarlike nation of the earth. For nearly fifty years no spot in any of these states had been the scene of battle. Thirty millions of people had an army of less than ten thousand men. The faith of our people in the stability and permanence of their institutions was like their faith in the eternal course of nature. Peace, liberty, and personal security were blessings as common and universal as sunshine and showers and fruitful seasons; and all sprang from a single source, the old American principle that all owe due submission and obedience to the lawfully expressed will of the majority. This is not one of the doctrines of our political system—it is the system itself. It is our political firmament, in which all other truths are set, as stars in Heaven. It is the encasing air, the breath of the Nation's life. Against this principle the whole weight of the rebellion was thrown. Its overthrow would have brought such ruin as might follow in the physical universe, if the power of gravitation were destroyed, and

> "Nature's concord broke,
> Among the constellations war were sprung,
> Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
> Of fiercest opposition, in mid-sky
> Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound."

The Nation was summoned to arms by every high motive which can inspire men. Two centuries of freedom had made its people unfit for despotism. They must save their Government or miserably perish.

As a flash of lightning in a midnight tempest reveals the abysmal horrors of the sea, so did the flash of the first gun disclose the awful abyss into which rebellion was ready to plunge us. In a moment the fire was lighted in twenty million hearts. In a moment we were the most warlike Nation on the earth. In a moment we were not merely a people with an army—we were a people in arms. The Nation was in column—not all at the front, but all in the array.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence that led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when musing on the battle of Marathon, to exclaim, "the trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep!" Could these men be silent in 1861; these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up the cherished purposes of life—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.

And now consider this silent assembly of the dead. What does it represent? Nay, rather, what does it not represent? It is an epitome of the war. Here

are sheaves reaped in the harvest of death, from every battlefield of Virginia. If each grave had a voice to tell us what its silent tenant last saw and heard on earth, we might stand, with uncovered heads, and hear the whole story of the war. We should hear that one perished when the first great drops of the crimson shower began to fall, when the darkness of that first disaster at Manassas fell like an eclipse on the Nation; that another died of disease while wearily waiting for winter to end; that this one fell on the field, in sight of the spires of Richmond, little dreaming that the flag must be carried through three more years of blood before it should be planted in that citadel of treason; and that one fell when the tide of war had swept us back till the roar of rebel guns shook the dome of yonder Capitol, and re-echoed in the chambers of the Executive Mansion. We should hear mingled voices from the Rappahannock, the Rapidan, the Chickahominy, and the James; solemn voices from the Wilderness, and triumphant shouts from the Shenandoah, from Petersburg, and the Five Forks, mingled with the wild acclaim of victory and the sweet chorus of returning peace. The voices of these dead will forever fill the land like holy benedictions.

What other spot so fitting for their last resting place as this, under the shadow of the Capitol saved by their valor? Here, where the grim edge of battle joined; here, where all the hope and fear and agony of their country centered; here let them rest, asleep on the Nation's heart, entombed in the Nation's love!

MEMORIAL DAY

BY WALLACE BRUCE

I come with chaplet woven new
From May-day flowers, to fade away;
You come to-night, brave boys in blue,
With record bright, to last for aye.

Yet all I have I gladly bring
With heart and voice at your command;
I only wish the words I sing,
Were worthier of your noble band—

A living wreath of lasting fame
To match your deeds that fill the world.
Ah, lyric vain! each hero's name
Is on your banners' folds unfurled.

Those stars are there in setting blue,
Because you answered to the call.
We bring no eulogy on you;
You honor us—you won it all.

And what avails our word of praise
To you who stand as in a dream
On guard in rugged mountain ways,
In camp by many a sluggish stream?

Among the clouds on Lookout Height,
With Hooker down in Tennessee;
Again the boys "mit Sigel fight,"
You march with Sherman to the sea.

Port Hudson, Vicksburg, New Orleans,
  Antietam, Shiloh, Malvern Hill—
A hundred fields, a thousand scenes
  The moistened lens of memory fill.

On fields with Grant, whose grave is white
  With flowers from many a distant State,
Through many a long and weary night
  You learned with him to toil and wait.

And there with Hancock, soldier true,
  At Gettysburg you held the line;
No nobler heart beneath the blue,
  For him the nation's flowers entwine.

Brave captains, noble comrades, rest!
  No bugle-note or war's alarms
Disturb your sleep on Nature's breast—
  That silent camp of grounded arms.

Your ranks are thinner, boys, to-day,
  Than just one little year ago;
On many a brow a touch of gray
  Anticipates the winter's snow.

And fewer comrades, year by year,
  Shall gather summer's kindly bloom,
And fewer brothers drop the tear
  Upon the soldier's sacred tomb.

The twenty years have left their trace
  Since you returned the homeward route;
Twice twenty more your ranks efface;
  The boys will all be mustered out,

Who kept the faith and fought the fight;
The glory theirs, the duty ours;
They earned the crown, the hero's right,
The victor's wreath—a crown of flowers.

MEMORIAL DAY MESSAGES

Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

General John A. Logan.

We honor our heroic and patriotic dead by being true men, as true men by faithfully fighting the battles of our day as they fought the battles of their day.

David Gregg.

The supporters of religion gave their lives for a principle. These martyrs of patriotism gave their lives for an idea.

Schuyler Colfax.

As a basis for permanently satisfactory results of the war, we should recognize the claims of justice and equal rights to all classes and sections, a fair apportionment of public burdens and benefits, with special privileges and exemptions to none. Careful and practical teachings along this line will be a patriotic work.

Judge James W. Lapsley.

Memorial Day, in my opinion, is one of the most significant and beautiful occasions of the year. It shows the sentiment of the people toward those who gave their lives for a good cause, and it teaches a lesson in patriotism which is without a parallel. Memorial Day cannot be too tenderly revered by old and young, by those who participated in one of the Nation's great struggles, or by those who simply know of it as history. Our common country each year is paying a greater tribute of respect to the soldiers, living and dead, and it is my hope that this rule may be expanded still more in the years to come.

Anonymous.

ARE DEAD HEROES PRESENT?

ANONYMOUS

Why may not the men themselves, who died beneath their country's flag, be now among their homes to which their last living thoughts were turned, and here with us to-day? We do not know, but can we not in hope believe, with a solid, substantial, reasonable belief and hope, that our heroes now stand about us, unseen and unheard, as we join to do honor to their memories? The naked human eye is not made to disclose the presence of the myriad forms that exist about us, and the human ear is not attuned to note the solemn symphonies of the music of the spheres.

TRIBUTE TO THE UNKNOWN

BY SENIOR VICE-COMMANDER BURRAGE

We pay the tribute of respect and reverence to the gallant men who sacrificed their lives to the perpetuation of the Union, and who now lie in common graves marked "unknown." It was fitting at this season of vernal bloom, when nature is joyful with life, that our thoughts should turn to those who gave their lives, as dear to them as ours to us, and that their memory should be honored and reverenced.

ODE FOR MEMORIAL DAY[1]

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Done are the toils and the wearisome marches,
Done is the summons of bugle and drum.
Softly and sweetly the sky overarches,
Shelt'ring a land where Rebellion is dumb.
Dark were the days of the country's derangement,
Sad were the hours when the conflict was on,
But through the gloom of fraternal estrangement
God sent his light, and we welcome the dawn.
O'er the expanse of our mighty dominions,
Sweeping away to the uttermost parts,
Peace, the wide-flying, on untiring pinions,
Bringeth her message of joy to our hearts.

[1] From "Lyrics of Lowly Life," by P. L. Dunbar, Dodd, Mead & Co., 1898.

Ah, but this joy which our minds cannot measure
What did it cost for our fathers to gain!
Bought at the price of the heart's dearest treasure,
Born out of travail and sorrow and pain;
Born in the battle where fleet Death was flying,
Slaying with saber-stroke bloody and fell;
Born where the heroes and martyrs were dying,
Torn by the fury of bullet and shell.
Ah, but the day is past: silent the rattle,
And the confusion that followed the fight.
Peace to the heroes who died in the battle,
Martyrs to truth and the crowning of Right!

Out of the blood of a conflict fraternal,
Out of the dust and the dimness of death,
Burst into blossoms of glory eternal
Flowers that sweeten the world with their breath.
Flowers of charity, peace, and devotion
Bloom in the hearts that are empty of strife;
Love that is boundless and broad as the ocean
Leaps into beauty and fullness of life.
So, with the singing of pæans and chorals,
And with the flag flashing high in the sun,
Place on the graves of our heroes the laurels
Which their unfaltering valor has won!

THE MONUMENT'S MESSAGE

BY CHARLES ELMER ALLISON

In front of Manor Hall, Yonkers, N. Y., in which city this "Message" was delivered, stands the Soldiers' Monument

The polished granite in front of old Manor Hall, combines strength and grace. "The quarry has blossomed into the air." Stone and bronze stand out under the stars, defying the storms and the seasons. Stable and beautiful they will stand, saluting the far future, when ours is a buried generation, sleeping "the iron sleep." A great English poet, whose pen is a gilded scepter, says there are sermons in stones. The granite lips of yonder Color-Bearer are mute, yet they speak to the spirit's finer ear. All of those memorial stones, from pedestal to carved capital and surmounting standard, have a voice. We bring you the Monument's Message.

The costly column is reared on American Soil, and America is the garden of the Lord—great in extent and resources, great in history, great in destiny. Imperial Rome "policed the world." Her empire extended 3,000 miles in one direction, and 2,000 in another. As to extent of territory, this Nation is a modern Rome.

"What shall we say of a Republic of eighteen states, each as large as Spain, or one of thirty states, each as large as Italy, or one of sixty states, each as large as

England and Wales? Take five of the six first-class Powers of Europe, Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy; then add Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark, and Greece. Let some greater than Napoleon weld them into one mighty empire, and you could lay it all down west of the Hudson River once and again and again—three times."

Of the states and territories west of the Mississippi, only three are as small as all New England. Idaho, if laid down in the East, would touch Toronto, Canada, on the north, Raleigh, N. C., on the south, while its southern boundary line is long enough to stretch from Washington City to Columbus, Ohio. The greatest measurement of Texas is nearly equal to the distance from New Orleans to Chicago, or from Chicago to Boston.

Of the resources of the country the half has not been told. We have hundreds of thousands more square miles of arable land than China, and China supports a population of 360,000,000. Transfer all of the people of the United States to the one State of Texas, and the population thus concentrated would not be much denser, if any, than the population of Germany to-day. Who shall estimate aright the value of American fields and forests, mines and mountains, lakes and rivers—nature's highways—orchards and gardens, flocks and herds, and her broad prairie with their miles and miles of waving harvests undulating like ocean billows?

Providence hid this fair land from the old world for many centuries. It was to be "the cradle of an illustrious history." True, the mound builders were

here, but they left mounds, not molding influences. The Indians were here; they left only arrow-heads and musical names for our lakes, rivers, and mountains. The Northmen came about the year 1,000; they left only a foot-print. The tide of European emigration was not permitted to follow the Northmen. Well it was for humanity that the Divine Hand kept that tide back, for then was the midnight of the dark ages. "Sometimes the bells in the church steeples were not heard, for the sound of trumpets and drums." Columbus embarked in 1492, but his ships carried Spanish influences. The great navigators followed the birds of the air in their flight. The God of Nations made those birds pilots to guide Spanish ships away from these shores. Spain gave form to Mexico and South America.

God works with two hands. While He was hiding this rich land, He was shaping the men who should shape its institutions. Before He gave America to the world, He gave the translated Bible and the printing press to Europe; English, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, Dutch, French, and other illustrious emigrants of like type were the "Creators of Moral America." They were seventeenth century men. Into that superb century were providentially poured the influences of previous centuries. For hundreds of years Europe was at school, learning statecraft and religion. By the translation of the Bible, "the lowly English roof was lifted to take in heights beyond the stars." It was from underneath that roof the Pilgrim Fathers came to Plymouth Rock. The Indian's salutation was, not "Welcome, Spaniard," but "Welcome, Englishman,"

which, being interpreted, signified, although the dusky savage did not understand it, "Welcome, the open Bible and love of equal rights." Yes, the Monument is reared on American soil, and America, vast in extent, rich in resources and possibilities, was providentially reserved for freemen and freedom's temple.

Firm upon its granite pedestal stands yonder shapely shaft. For us it shall symbolize, by its graceful strength, the American Republic, stable and healthful among the nations of the earth. That group of warriors in bronze represent no holiday soldiers. They stand for heroes in flesh and blood—for stern veterans whose fortitude and valor protected the Commonwealth. They recall those years when a shot fired at the old flag aroused the anger of a great people. Who can describe those historic years?

The heavens were suddenly black. Fierce eagles of war flew across the lurid clouds. The awful storm rolled thunders along the sky. Reverberating, they shook the Atlantic coast and the banks of the Mississippi. They crashed over Antietam, Vicksburg, and Gettysburg. Forked lightnings played among the clouds around Lookout Mountain. Fire ran along upon the ground in Tennessee, and in Virginia swamps and rivers were turned to blood. It was the Nation's midnight. The death angel was abroad with unsheathed sword. There was a great cry in the land, for there was not a house among half a million where there was not one dead. Four years the storm raged. The iron hail rattled incessantly, prostrating armed men, and crushing woman's tender heart. It was a deluge of blood. Then muttering thunders ceased;

the clouds broke away, and out of the blue sky a dove came, and lo! in her mouth was an olive leaf. More than a quarter of a century has passed. Peace still abides. "Over the cannon's mouth the spider weaves his web." But while mighty people are busied with great enterprises, they do not forget—cannot forget—the brave men who purchased peace by their valor and blood.

We recall with gratitude profound and peculiarly tender, the private soldier and sailor. Men praise the brave commanders, and they do well; but what could generals have accomplished without the heroes in the ranks? With swift zeal the rank and file—a great host—sprang to arms. They gathered from near and far. "The earth trembled under their tread like a floor beaten with flails." "All the avenues of our great cities ran with rivers of burnished steel." We can hear again their measured tramp, tramp, tramp, and their lusty song, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." Hark! Veterans, hear ye not again your comrades singing around the flickering fires which lighted up their noble faces, "We are tenting to-night on the old camp-ground." Listen! Hear again the battle hymn of the Republic, how it echoes down the corridors of the years, and will echo until time is no more:

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet:
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

When the war began thousands of young men, the flower of American youth, were looking out of college halls upon a future bright with professional honors. They flung books aside and seized rifles. They became "History's Graduates." Hundreds of thousands of young Americans were anticipating a future replete with the profits and emoluments which reward business genius and integrity. Straightway they abandoned cherished life plans in order to defend free institutions.

Did the officer love his home? With an equal tenderness the private soldier loved his. He knew, should a bullet prostrate him, it would shatter the strong staff upon which the aged father had hoped to lean in his declining years. It gave him a heart-break to see his mother's pale face and quivering lip as he kissed her good-by, holding in one arm his rifle, and with the other tenderly embracing her trembling form. There were "tears in his voice" when he said farewell, perhaps a final farewell, to the fair friend with whom he had hoped to stand at the marriage altar. Thousands of husbands and fathers realized that their enlistment might leave wives widowed, and little children fatherless. When the private soldier rushed into the battle's fire and smoke, he knew that, after victories were won, the names of officers would be heralded over the land; but should he fall, the type would print after his name only one word—"missing," or

"wounded," or "dead." And when that one dread word should be read in the distant Northern home, loved faces would "grow white instantly, as if sprinkled with the dust of ashes by an unseen hand."

Yet for the old banner the soldier made the sacrifice. As a lonely vidette he kept faithful watch in the darkness, while death lurked near, "with foot of velvet and hand of steel." He helped drag heavy cannon through deep mud; he trudged weary miles on forced marches, and endeavored to sleep, when hungry and cold, on the wet ground. Or he tossed on a hospital cot with a "band of pain around his brow." And now, we twine a laurel wreath for that brow. Thousands of those brave men fell, not knowing what would be the result of the conflict. Other thousands were permitted to return and enjoy for a period the blessings they purchased for their countrymen. Then they, too, fell by the wayside, weary with the march of life. They fought for freedom, not for fame, yet honor claims them as her own:

> "On Fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> And glory guards with solemn round
> The bivouac of the dead."

Who can estimate the value of their splendid services? The Union Army demonstrated the stability of representative government. In the estimation of Europe the American Republic was an experiment. Would it go to pieces by the earthquake shock of civil war? Jealous kings said "Yes," but when the red lips of Grant's cannon thundered "No!" thrones

trembled. Should a government of and for and by the people perish from the earth?

The army demonstrated the solidity of the Nation's credit. At one period the war expenses aggregated $2,000,000 a day, but victories inspired confidence, and many of the soldiers poured their own silver and gold into the coffers of the Nation to sustain the government.

Soldiers of the Union, what shall a grateful people render you in return for your priceless services? Surely the government should care for the aged and the crippled veteran. A wealthy nation should not permit a soldier's deserving widow or orphan to suffer want. But we are confident that your sentiments are voiced by this declaration. The return for their services which veterans desire is a determination on the part of their fellow-citizens to protect faithfully the free institutions the Grand Army fought to preserve.

Underneath yonder polished pillar is a granite die inscribed with patriotic sentences. For us that lettered die shall symbolize popular education, which sustains the Republic. Books are better than bayonets. Giant truths are mightier than giant powder. The strongest fortresses are school-houses. The mightiest standing army in the world is the great host of American school-children. The seal of the Board of Education in this city is a pictured pen lying across a broken sword. The pen is mightier than the sword. The pens of Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, and Hamilton broke the sword of tyranny in 1776. The pens of Webster, Sumner, Phillips, Garrison, Beecher, Seward,

and Lincoln broke the swords of secession and slavery. The men in bronze find firm footing on yonder lettered block of granite. They carry thinking weapons. No man "scoops out the brains" of the American civilian or soldier. He has the Bible, and thinks for himself. He has the ballot, and governs himself. The only scepter to which he bows is the scepter of truth.

This is a nation of readers—a nation of sovereigns. "We live under a government of men and morning newspapers. The talk of the sidewalk to-day is the law of the land to-morrow." Who shapes public thought is the uncrowned king. His pen is his scepter. Public schools and newspapers are the people's university. When Louis Napoleon was in this country he expressed surprise because he saw a farmer reading a newspaper. Germany has about 5,500 newspapers, Great Britain about 5,000. France about 2,000, Italy about 1,400, Asia—exclusive of Japan—about 850, Russia about 800, and the United States more than 15,000. The enemy of the American public school system is the enemy of the Commonwealth. If you would realize how unstable governments are without public schools, read the history of Mexico and of South America. Taught by costly experience, they have now introduced public education.

Thousands of the youth in our public schools come from homes where they learn little or nothing about the history and the spirit of American institutions. Let the public schools teach them that history, and inspire them with that spirit. Teach the public school youth, that it is a high honor to be able to say, "I am an American citizen." Let them hear the shot which the

embattled farmers fired at Lexington—" the shot that was heard around the world." Let them catch the peals of the old Liberty bell and the spirit of Independence Day. Let them hear the nightwatchman in Philadelphia calling out: " Ten o'clock and Cornwallis taken." Let them hear Washington's soldiers singing on the banks of the Hudson: " No King but God." Let them hear again and again the shining story of the valor and the victories of the men who, uniformed in Heaven's livery, fought with Hooker, Hancock, Mead, Thomas, Foote, Farragut, Kilpatrick, with the chivalrous Kitching, and Fremont, the free-hearted. Teach them that when they arrive at manhood's estate, they should never absent themselves from the polls, preferring private gain to the welfare of city, state, or nation. Let them always vote—and vote for principle.

Underneath yonder carved die are four massive granite blocks, a solid base, on which the stable structure rests, as the American Republic rests secure upon the solid foundations of a true Christianity. Palsied be the vandal hands which would attempt to remove those tons of granite, and substitute as a base rotten timber. Palsied be the hands which would attempt to remove the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church, and the Christian home, and substitute, as a foundation for our Republic, infidelity, anarchy, and the rotten saloon!

Gladstone, the illustrious Englishman, said to an eminent American: " Talk about questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. During the many years I was in the Cabinet I

was brought into association with sixty master minds, and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is the bringing the human mind into contact with Divine revelation." This emphasizes the teachings of American patriots. Above all the clamor of Castle Garden statesmen we hear the calm voices of the fathers and preservers of the Republic. One of these patriotic fathers, who was a member of the convention assembled to draft the Constitution of the United States, when moving that the proceedings be opened with prayer, addressed the President in these memorable words: " I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of the truth that God governs in the affairs of men; and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?"

To a trusted friend who visited him during the dark days of the Civil War, President Lincoln said, with emotion: " I do not doubt, I never doubted for a moment, that our country would finally come through safe and undivided. But do not misunderstand me. I do not know how it can be. I do not rely on the patriotism of our people, though no people have rallied around their king as ours have rallied around me. I do not trust in the bravery and devotion of the boys in blue. God bless them! God never gave a prince or a conqueror such an army as He has given me. Nor yet do I rely on the loyalty and skill of our generals, though I believe we have the best generals in the world at the head of our armies. But the God of our fathers, who raised up this country to be a refuge

and the asylum of the oppressed and down-trodden of all nations, will not let it perish now. I may not live to see it,"—and he added, after a pause—"I do not expect to see it, but God will bring us through safe."

What a noble company of our youthful citizens is assembled here on this broad platform. That in coming years, as they pass and repass the Monument, they may be reminded of the truths here spoken, permit me to address them a few words. Young Americans, when you have reached mature years, and our lips are dust, the children of the future will look at yonder graceful granite, and will ask, "What mean these stones?" You will tell them how you saw with your own eyes the soldiers of the Union represented by those stern bronze warriors. You will speak of successive Memorial Days, when you saw veteran soldiers embroider with fragrant flowers the mounds made sacred by the dust of their comrades. You will not forget to strew flowers upon their graves. You will interpret for the future generations the message of those voiceful stones.

That you may the more distinctly remember their message, we would have you see on the gray granite four shining gold letters. On the solid base, which symbolizes the foundation of our Republic, a true Christianity, we would have you see the letter F, standing for Faith in God. On the lettered die, which symbolizes a solid education, we would have you see the letter L, standing for Learning. As the polished shaft, by its massive strength and grace, symbolizes the Republic, stable and beautiful among the nations, we would have you see affixed to it the letter A, standing

for America. And as our flag is always associated with renown, we would have you see on that granite standard the gold letter G, reflecting the rays of the morning, and standing for Glory. Remember to tell the children of the future that those memorial stones symbolize Faith, Learning, America, and Glory. It will not be difficult for you to remember this message, and to bear it to the future, because those initial gold letters spell the word FLAG.

Soldiers of the Union, I have now discharged the duty you assigned me. We bring you gratitude, and congratulations—gratitude for arduous and illustrious services; congratulations that a kind Providence mercifully spared your lives for some good purpose. A thousand fell at your side, and ten thousand at your right hand, but He covered you with His feathers. Through the iron hailstones He brought you safe to greet your loved ones, to receive the plaudits of your fellow-citizens, and to enjoy the prosperity of the Commonwealth. Each of your wears the honored title, "A Soldier of the Union." Soon you will be gathered to your fathers. Yonder memorial will perpetuate your honor.

Surely we voice your sentiments when we proclaim that the granite Standard-Bearer represents no citizen who defends organized wrong. He represents neither infidel nor anarchist. Nor does he stand for the citizen who fails to distinguish between license to do wrong, and liberty to do right—the only true liberty. He does not represent the citizen who with one hand holds up the flag, and with the other hand tears its pure folds to tatters by defending a traffic which

shatters the hearth-stone, smites the smile from the happy face of a sweet child, and murders the soul for which the Son of God shed His blood. But yonder Standard-Bearer does represent, in his massive strength, the loyal American who stands firm for the Bible, the Sabbath, the Church, the Home; for Solid Learning, for Union and Freedom, for the Maintenance of Private and Public Credit, and for Peace on Earth. His sword symbolizes the freeman's weapons —the pen, the pure ballot, and the keen Damascus blade.

So long as the bed-rock principles of the fathers are maintained, the Republic itself will continue to stand, a monument to freedom, stable and beautiful, and seen by the whole world. Because he realizes this, the American citizen, while holding his Nation's ensign in defense of it, and of the granite principles of which it is the glorious symbol, lays his good right hand upon the hilt of his sword.

This, sir, as we interpret it, is the Monument's Message.

COMRADES KNOWN IN MARCHES MANY

BY CHARLES G. HALPINE

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be.

Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be.
And, if spared, and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,—
Crimson, white, and starry banner,—
By the baptism of the banner,
Children of one Church are we.
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor language can divide us;
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Children of the Flag are we.

THE LEGACY OF CONFLICT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The captains and the armies who, after long years of dreary campaigning and bloody, stubborn fighting, brought to a close the Civil War, have left us even

more than a reunited realm. The material effect of what they did is shown in the fact that the same flag flies from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande, and all the people of the United States are richer because they are one people and not many, because they belong to one great nation, and not to a contemptible knot of struggling nationalities.

But besides this, besides the material results of the Civil War, we are all, North and South, incalculably richer for its memories. We are the richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are the richer for valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right, and by those who, no less valiantly, fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great and good because of the infinite woe and suffering, and because of the splendid ultimate triumph.

DECORATION DAY

BY E. P. THWING

"Wave the flag once more before my eyes!" said a dying color-bearer as he found himself sinking into the last sleep. "The dear old flag never touched the ground," said another soldier sinking on the ramparts of Wagner. To them the starry folds of the bunting they bore were an emblem of an undivided country, a symbol of glory and honor dearer to them than life itself. Such is the inspiring influence of intelligent,

heroic loyalty. It is far nobler than mere physical hardihood, purer than the selfish sentiment of personal friendship, and therefore a more enduring and transforming power. Keep, then, the flag of the nation waving before our eyes; in other words, make conspicuous the principles of which it is the emblazonry, fealty to truth, to honor, to liberty and law. Let partisan zeal and mere personal aggrandizement be forgotten in the pursuit of the highest aims. Let the spirit of Abraham Lincoln be ours, who, in 1858—standing at Alton, where Lovejoy had fallen a martyr to freedom—said, "Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whatsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, *but you may take me and put me to death!* I am nothing. Judge Douglas is nothing; but do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of Independence."

It is with prophetic ken when, at Philadelphia, he reasserts his fealty to this same supreme law: "If this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would be *assassinated on the spot!*" Then he repeated again his calm, serious, intelligent consecration to the cause of Liberty and Union in these closing words: "I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of the Almighty God, *to die by!*"

That was heroism, lofty, sublime, godlike heroism. It was grander far than the heroism of the battlefield, where mere brutal courage plays an important part;

where revenge is sometimes fired by pain and sight of blood; where there is the wild enthusiasm of numbers massed under the lead of magnetic men; where there are thrilling battle-songs poured forth from bearded lips, joined with clang of cymbals, blare of trumpets, beat of drum; and where, amid booming cannon, ringing saber, and rattling shell, the soldier forgets fatigue, pain, even life itself, in the delirium of the hour. This defiance of death is heroic; this valor, audacity, and gallantry, worthy of praise; but it ranks lower than this serene quietude of soul that is born of humble, holy faith, which sustains one without these added supports.

Our hero-dead are lying in a thousand burial-places from Maine to Louisiana. Peace reigns. But is there not still an unended contest of ideas? Are not the great tutelar forces of a Christian civilization in earnest conflict with hostile influences? Have we been wholly victorious over partisan hatred, the prejudice of caste, of color, and of clan? Can any party show a wholly clean record? Its leaders a purely disinterested and patriotic purpose? Are there no ominous tendencies at work in the rapid growth of our material wealth and in the importation of alien and destructive elements?

We have scattered our floral tributes to-day over the graves of the patriotic dead. These frail mementos of affection will soon wither, but let not the memory of these martyrs fail to inspire in us a purer, holier life! The roll-call brings to mind their faces and their deeds. They were faithful to the end. The weary march, the bivouac, the battle are still re-

membered by the survivors. But your line, comrades, is growing slenderer every year. One by one you will drop out of the ranks, and other hands may ere long strew your grave with flowers as you have done to-day in yonder cemetery. When mustered in the last grand review, with all the veterans and heroes of earth, may each receive with jubilant heart the Great Commander's admiring tribute "Well done!" and become with Him partaker of a felicity that is enduring and triumphant!

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY

BY THEODORE P. COOK

They sleep so calm and stately,
Each in his graveyard bed,
It scarcely seems that lately
They trod the fields blood-red,
With fearless tread.

They marched and never halted,
They scaled the parapet,
The triple lines assaulted,
And paid without regret
The final debt.

The debt of slow accruing
A guilty nation made,
The debt of evil-doing,
Of justice long delayed,—
'Twas this they paid.

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The Cincinnati Bible Seminary

On fields where Strife held riot,
And Slaughter fed his hounds,
Where came no sense of quiet,
Nor any gentle sounds,
They made their rounds.

They wrought without repining,
Till, weary watches o'er,
They passed the bounds confining
Our green, familiar shore,
Forevermore.

And now they sleep so stately,
Each in his graveyard bed,
So calmly and sedately
They rest, that once I said:
"These men are dead.

"They know not what sweet duty
We come each year to pay,
Nor heed the blooms of beauty,
The garland gifts of May,
Strewn here to-day.

"The night-time and the day-time,
The rise and set of sun,
The winter and the May-time,
To them whose work is done,
Are all as one."

Then o'er mine eyes there floated
A vision of the Land

Where their brave souls, promoted
To heaven's own armies, stand
At God's right hand.

From out the mighty distance
I seemed to see them gaze
Back on their old existence,
Back on the battle-blaze
Of war's dread days.

"The flowers shall fade and perish,"
In larger faith spake I,
"But these dear names we cherish
Are written in the sky,
And cannot die."

THE NATION'S DEAD

BY HENRY WATTERSON

From an Address delivered at the National Cemetery, Nashville, Tenn., Decoration Day, 1877

We are assembled, my countrymen, to commemorate the patriotism and valor of the brave men who died to save the Union. The season brings its tribute to the scene; pays its homage to the dead; inspires the living. There are images of tranquillity all about us; in the calm sunshine upon the ridges; in the tender shadows that creep along the streams; in the waving

grass and grain that mark God's love and bounty; in the flowers that bloom over the many many graves. There is peace everywhere in this land to-day.

> "Peace on the open seas,
> In all our sheltered bays and ample streams,
> Peace where'er our starry banner gleams,
> And peace in every breeze."

The war is over. It is for us to bury its passions with its dead; to bury them beneath a monument raised by the American people to American manhood and the American system, in order that "the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The Union is indeed restored, when the hands that pulled that flag down come willingly and lovingly to put it up again. I come with a full heart and a steady hand to salute the flag that floats above me—my flag and your flag—the flag of the Union—the flag of the free heart's hope and home—the star-spangled banner of our fathers—the flag that, uplifted triumphantly over a few brave men, has never been obscured, destined by the God of the universe to waft on its ample folds the eternal song of freedom to all mankind, emblem of the power on earth which is to exceed that on which it was said the sun never went down.

The hundred of thousands who fell on both sides did not die in vain. The power, the divine power, which made for us a garden of swords, sowing the land broadcast with sorrow, will reap thence for us, and

for the ages, a nation truly divine; a nation of freedom and of free men; where tolerance shall walk hand in hand with religion, while civilization points out to patriotism the many open highways to human right and glory.

THE GRAVES OF OUR DEAD

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

As we cover the graves of the heroic dead with flowers, the past rises before us like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them apart from those they love.

We see them as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns, and across the prairies, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We see them pierced with balls and torn with shells, in the trenches by the forts, and

in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news reaches us that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

Those heroes are dead. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless place of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

"BELLIGERENT NON-COMBATANTS"

BY WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

From Decoration Day Address, New York, May 30, 1878

It is related of General Scott that when asked, in 1861, the probable length of the then Civil War, he answered, "The conflict of arms will last five years; but will be followed by twenty years of angry strife, by the 'belligerent non-combatants.'"

Wars are usually made by civilians, bold and defiant in the forum; but when the storm comes, they

go below, and leave their innocent comrades to catch the "peltings of the pitiless storm." Of the half-million of brave fellows whose graves have this day been strewn with flowers, not one in a thousand had the remotest connection with the causes of the war which led to their untimely death. I now hope and beg that all good men, North and South, will unite in real earnest to repair the mistakes and wrongs of the past; will persevere in the common effort to make this great land of ours to blossom as the garden of Eden!

I invoke all to heed well the lessons of this "Decoration Day," to weave each year a fresh garland for the grave of some beloved comrade or hero, and to rebuke any and all who talk of civil war, save as the "last dread tribunal of kings and peoples."

DECORATION DAY[1]

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

From *Ponkapog Papers*

How quickly Nature takes possession of a deserted battlefield and goes to work repairing the ravages of man! With invisible magic hand she smooths the rough earthworks, fills the riflepits with delicate flowers, and wraps the splintered tree-trunks with her fluent drapery of tendrils. Soon the whole sharp outline of the spot is lost in unremembering grass. Where

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

the deadly rifle-ball whistled through the foliage, the robin or the thrush pipes its tremulous note; and where the menacing shell described its curve through the air, a harmless crow flies in circles. Season after season the gentle work goes on, healing the wounds and rents made by the merciless enginery of war, until at last the once hotly contested battle-ground differs from none of its quiet surroundings, except, perhaps, that here the flowers take a richer tint and the grasses a deeper emerald.

It is thus the battle lines may be obliterated by Time, but there are left other and more lasting relics of the struggle. That dinted army saber, with a bit of faded crêpe knotted at its hilt, which hangs over the mantelpiece of the "best room" of many a town and country house in these States, is one; and the graven headstone of the fallen hero is another. The old swords will be treasured and handed down from generation to generation as priceless heirlooms, and with them, let us trust, will be cherished the custom of dressing with annual flowers the resting-place of those who fell during the Civil War.

"With the tears a land hath shed
Their graves should ever be green.

"Ever their fair, true glory
Fondly should fame rehearse,—
Light of legend and story,
Flower of marble and verse."

The impulse which led us to set apart a day for decorating the graves of our soldiers sprang from the

grieved heart of the Nation, and in our time there is little chance of the rite being neglected. But the generations that come after us should not allow the observance to fall into disuse. What with us is an expression of fresh love and sorrow should be with them an acknowledgment of an incalculable debt.

Decoration Day is the most beautiful of our national holidays. How different from those sullen batteries which used to go rumbling through our streets are the crowds of light carriages, laden with flowers and greenery, wending their way to the neighboring cemeteries! The grim cannon have turned into palm branches, and the shell and shrapnel into peach blooms. There is no hint of war in these gay baggage trains, except the presence of men in undress uniforms, and perhaps here and there an empty sleeve to remind one of what has been. Year by year that empty sleeve is less in evidence.

The observance of Decoration Day is unmarked by that disorder and confusion common enough with our people in their holiday moods. The earlier sorrow has faded out of the hour, leaving a softened solemnity. It quickly ceased to be simply a local commemoration. While the sequestered country churchyards and burial-places near our great Northern cities were being hung with May garlands, the thought could not but come to us that there were graves lying southward above which bent a grief as tender and sacred as our own. Invisibly we dropped unseen flowers upon these mounds. There is a beautiful significance in the fact that, two years after the close of the war, the women of Columbus, Mississippi, laid their offerings alike on

Northern and Southern graves. When all is said, the great Nation has but one heart.

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS

ANONYMOUS

Blessed are the dead whose memory is perpetuated by the flower service of a grateful people. How truly immortal are those who give their lives for liberty. To have lived long, purposeless, neutral years, is nothing—to have lived a few glorious hours, to have bravely faced the infinite, to have calmly met the Master in humanity's cause, is sublime. Why mourn these dead of ours? They sleep in the bosom of the land they loved. Here where the ground once shook beneath the tramp of contending hosts they are at rest. The sentinels no longer patrol the banks of the Potomac. Grant and Lee both lived to attest the goodness of a God who preserved the Union. And over the river, on the beauteous dome of the nation's Capitol, serenely uplifted toward the ethereal blue, kissed by the sun of day, wooed by the stars of night, tranquilly floats the unconquered flag of the greatest nation of the earth.

Why mourn for those who slumber here? Their epitaphs are written in the grandest history of the ages. Before them will reverently pass the procession of the centuries. And every headstone roundabout, even those without a name, will be given honor-

able place in the mighty monument that is to commemorate the ennobling and uplifting of the human race.

It is a day of memories, a day when we meet in the hallowed past and hold communion with our holy dead. A day when we recall the glorious aspirations which thrilled men's souls in that heroic time, when to love one's country was to lay down one's life; a day filled with that same spirit of freedom, patriotism, and devotion which breathed into the common dust of ordinary humanity the sublime inspiration of heroic deeds; a day when we rekindle the fires of patriotism on the altar of our liberties and once again renew the loyal vows that these our noble dead in the years gone by consecrated with their hearts' blood.

Glorious are the dead who die for liberty. Blessed are they whose blood is shed for the welfare of their fellowmen. The great conflict in which our dead fought was, in the beginning, a contest between men, between sections. It was the Union against the confederacy. But it is evident that over and above the purposes of men was God's purpose. He would not permit the government of the United States to remain under a Constitution that sanctioned human slavery. He would not give victory to the Union arms until with it would come liberty to a race in chains. The careful student of the war of the rebellion has no difficulty in seeing that up to the time of the emancipation proclamation the doubtful tide of battle set most strongly against the Union shore. Disaster had followed disaster until Lincoln himself almost despaired of ultimate victory; until it seemed as if the exulting

Southern hosts were about to make good their boast of proclaiming the confederate government from the steps of the nation's Capitol. But from the hour of emancipation, from the hour in which the cause of the Union became the cause of liberty, from the hour in which the flag of the republic became the flag of humanity, from the hour in which its stars and stripes no longer floated over a slave; yea, from the sacred hour of the nation's new birth that dear old banner never faded from the sky, and the brave boys who bore it never wavered in their onward march to victory. With the single exception of Chancellorsville, and that stubborn doubtful day at Chickamauga, no decisive field of battle was ever lost by the men who sang with redoubled enthusiasm "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." Gettysburg at the east, Vicksburg at the west, ratified the President's action and woke the morning of our national holiday with a grand jubilee of joy. From Chattanooga to Appomattox, from Atlanta to the sea, the hearts of the war-worn, battle-scarred veterans took new courage; all along the line they touched elbows with a steadier purpose, saw in each other's eyes a holier fire, joined with a new inspiration in that glorious anthem, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

I believe our service should be a love service of prayer and praise and song, that out of the heroic memories of the past we should draw new inspirations of patriotism and find new ardor for the preservation of the free institutions which came to us through the baptism of fire and blood. But, for the first time in

our history on Decoration Day, we are at war. Once more upon the soil of old Virginia the federal bayonets are agleam. From day to day the boys in blue pass by; the reveille, the bugle call is heard even in this city of the silent dead. This time, thank God, the war is not sectional. There are no brothers arrayed against brothers; no Americans against Americans. There is only one uniform in all the land, one flag in all the sky, one sentiment in the breasts of all the heroes of the republic.

To-day I see the surviving veterans of the old Grand Army of the Republic, grizzled and gray, some with empty sleeves, some stumping their way on wooden pegs; and I remember that in the years gone by these old veterans were boys; boys who left the plow, the forge, the loom, the shop, the office, the college, the sanctuary, to fight the battles of their country. They too broke the clasp of loving arms to go; they too left good-by kisses on tiny lips; they too had mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts; they too turned from home and comfort and peace to follow the flag. God bless them, living and dead. May there be cheers for the living as long as the last survivor blesses the earth, may there be tears for the dead to the end of time.

> "Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er,
> Dream of fighting fields no more.
> Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
> Morn of toil or night of waking."

Yes! rest in peace, oh, mighty dead. The cause for which you fought can never be assailed again. Rest in peace, the race whose freedom you achieved will

bless you with their latest breath. Rest in peace, the Union you preserved remains forever, and liberty, equal rights, and justice is the heritage of your descendants to the judgment day. God bless the men who followed the flag!

III

THE WAR

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Written in December, 1860, when South Carolina adopted the Ordinance of Secession

She has gone,—she had left us in passion and pride,—
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own star from our firmament's glow,
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one,—
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood with the finger of flame!

You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But we said: "She's a beauty,—she does not mean much."
We have scowled when you uttered some turbulent threat;
But Friendship still whispered: "Forgive and forget."

Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the curse come at last which the fathers foretold?

Then Nature must teach us the strength of the chain
That her petulant children would sever in vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with their spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves:

In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
Roll mingled in peace in the valleys below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;
Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!

O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with fate that can never be won!
The star-flowering banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

Go, then, our rash sister, afar and aloof,—
Run wild in the sunshine away from our roof;
But when your heart aches, and your feet have grown sore,
Remember the pathway that leads to our door!

DIXIE

BY ALBERT PIKE

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted,—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

* * * * *

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices!
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's powers its station!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness,—
To arms!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

(Southern.)

FIRST O SONGS FOR A PRELUDE[1]

BY WALT WHITMAN

First O songs for a prelude,
Lightly strike on the stretch'd tympanum pride and joy in my city,
How she led the rest to arms, how she gave the cue,
How at once with lithe limbs unwaiting a moment she sprang,
(O superb! O Manhattan, my own, my peerless!
O strongest you in the hour of danger, in crisis! O truer than steel!)
How you sprang—how you threw off the costumes of peace with indifferent hand,
How your soft opera-music changed, and the drum and fife were heard in their stead,
How you led to the war (that shall serve for our prelude, songs of soldiers),
How Manhattan drum-taps led.

Forty years had I in my city seen soldiers parading,
Forty years as a pageant, till unawares the lady of this teeming and turbulent city,
Sleepless amid her ships, her houses, her incalculable wealth,
With her million children around her, suddenly,
At dead of night, at news from the south,
Incens'd struck with clinch'd hand the pavement.

[1] From "Selected Poems." Published by David McKay, Philadelphia.

A shock electric, the night sustain'd it,
Till with ominous hum our hive at daybreak pour'd out its myriads.
From the houses then and the workshops, and through all the doorways,
Leapt they tumultuous, and lo! Manhattan arming.

To the drum-taps prompt,
The young men falling in and arming,
The mechanics arming (the trowel, the jack-plane, the blacksmith's hammer, tost aside with precipitation),
The lawyer leaving his office and arming, the judge leaving the court,
The driver deserting his wagon in the street, jumping down, throwing the reins abruptly down on the horses' backs,
The salesman leaving the store, the boss, book-keeper, porter, all leaving;
Squads gather everywhere by common consent and arm,
The new recruits, even boys, the old men show them how to wear their accounterments, they buckle the straps carefully,
Outdoors arming, indoors arming, the flash of the musket-barrels,
The white tents cluster in camps, and arm'd sentries around, the sunrise cannon and again at sunset,
Arm'd regiments arrive every day, pass through the city, and embark from the wharves,
(How good they look as they tramp down to the river, sweaty, with their guns on their shoulders!

How I love them! how I could hug them, with their brown faces and their clothes and knapsacks cover'd with dust!)
The blood of the city up—arm'd! arm'd! the cry everywhere,
The flags flung out from the steeples of churches and from all the public buildings and stores,
The tearful parting, the mother kisses her son, the son kisses his mother,
(Loth is the mother to part, yet not a word does she speak to detain him),
The tumultuous escort, the ranks of policemen preceding, clearing the way,
The unpent enthusiasm, the wild cheers of the crowd for their favorites,
The artillery, the silent cannons bright as gold, drawn along, rumble lightly over the stones,
(Silent cannons, soon to cease your silence,
Soon unlimber'd to begin the red business);
All the mutter of preparation, all the determin'd arming,
The hospital service, the lint, bandages, and medicines,
The women volunteering for nurses, the work begun for in earnest, no mere parade now;
War! an arm'd race is advancing! the welcome for battle, no turning away;
War! be it weeks, months, or years, an arm'd race is advancing to welcome it.

Mannahatta a-march—and it's O to sing it well!
It's O for a manly life in the camp.

And the sturdy artillery,
The guns bright as gold, the work for giants, to serve
well the guns,
Unlimber them! (no more as the past forty years for
salutes for courtesies merely),
Put in something now besides powder and wadding.

And you, lady of ships, you Mannahatta,
Old matron of this proud, friendly, turbulent city,
Often in peace and wealth you were pensive or cov-
ertly frown'd amid all your children,
But now you smile with joy exulting, old Mannahatta.

MEN OF THE NORTH

BY JOHN NEAL

Men of the North, look up!
There's a tumult in your sky;
A troubled glory surging out,
Great shadows hurrying by.

Your strength—where is it now?
Your quivers—are they spent?
Your arrows in the rust of death,
Your fathers' bows unbent?

Men of the North, awake!
Ye're called to from the deep;
Trumpets in every breeze—
Yet there ye lie asleep.

A stir in every tree;
  A shout from every wave;
A challenging on every side;
  A moan from every grave:

A battle in the sky;
  Ships thundering through the air—
Jehovah on the march—
  Men of the North, to prayer!

Now, now—in all your strength;
  There's that before your way,
Above, about you, and below,
  Like armies in array.

Lift up your eyes, and see
  The changes overhead;
Now hold your breath and hear
  The mustering of the dead.

See how the midnight air
  With bright commotion burns,
Thronging with giant shapes,
  Banner and spear by turns.

The sea-fog driving in,
  Solemnly and swift,
The moon afraid—stars dropping out—
  The very skies adrift;

The Everlasting God,
  Our Father—Lord of Love—
With cherubim and seraphim
  All gathering above;

Their stormy plumage lighted up
As forth to war they go;
The shadow of the Universe,
Upon our haughty foe!

THE OATH OF FREEDOM

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE

Born free, thus we resolve to live:
By Heaven, we will be free!
By all the stars which burn on high—
By the green earth—the mighty sea—
By God's unshaken majesty,
We will be free or die!
Then let the drums all roll!
Let all the trumpets blow!
Mind, heart, and soul,
We spurn control
Attempted by a foe!

Born free, thus we resolve to live:
By Heaven, we will be free!
And, vainly now the Northmen try
To beat us down—in arms we stand
To strike for this our native land!
We will be free or die!
Then let the drums all roll! *etc.*

Born free, thus we resolve to live:
By Heaven, we will be free!

Our wives and children look on high,
Pray God to smile upon the right!
And bid us in the deadly fight
As freemen live or die!
Then let the drums all roll! *etc.*

Born free, thus we resolve to live:
By Heaven, we will be free!
And ere we cease this battle-cry,
Be all our blood, our kindred's spilt,
On bayonet or saber hilt!
We will be free or die!
Then let the drums all roll! *etc.*

Born free, thus we resolve to live:
By Heaven, we will be free!
Defiant let the banners fly,
Shake out their glories to the air,
And kneeling, brothers, let us swear
We will be free or die!
Then let the drums all roll! *etc.*

Born free, thus we resolve to live:
By Heaven, we will be free!
And to this oath the dead reply—
Our valiant fathers' sacred ghosts—
These with us, and the God of hosts,
We will be free or die!
Then let the drums all roll! *etc.*

(Southern.)

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS![1]

BY WALT WHITMAN

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plowing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

[1] From "Selected Poems." Published by David McKay.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

WAR

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

I am War. The upturned eyeballs of piled dead men greet my eye,
And the sons of mothers perish—and I laugh to see them die,—
Mine the demon lust for torture, mine the devil lust for pain,
And there is to me no beauty like the pale brows of the slain!
But my voice calls forth the godlike from the sluggish souls at ease,
And the hands that toyed with ledgers scatter thunders 'round the seas;
And the lolling idler, wakening, measures up to God's own plan,
And the puling trifler greatens to the stature of a man.

When I speak, the centuried towers of old cities melt
in smoke,
And the fortressed ports sink reeling at my far-aimed
thunder-stroke;
And an immemorial empire flings its last flag to the
breeze,
Sinking with its splintered navies down in the un-
pitying seas.
But the blind of sight awaken to an unimagined day,
And the mean of soul grow conscious there is great-
ness in their clay;
Where my bugle voice goes pealing slaves grow heroes
at its breath,
And the trembling coward rushes to the welcome arms
of death.

Pagan, heathen, and inhuman, devilish as the heart of
hell;
Wild as chaos, strong for ruin, clothed in hate un-
speakable,—
So they call me,—and I care not,—still I work my
waste afar,
Heeding not your weeping mothers and your widows
—I am War!
But your soft-boned men grow heroes when my flam-
ing eyes they see,
And I teach your little people how supremely great
they be;
Yea, I tell them of the wideness of the soul's unfolded
plan
And the godlike stuff that's molded in the making of
a man.

Ah, the godlike stuff that's molded in the making of
a man!
It has stood my iron testing since this strong old world
began.
Tell me not that men are weaklings, halting tremblers,
pale and slow,—
There is stuff to shame the seraphs in the race of men
—I know.
I have tested them by fire, and I know that man is
great,
And the soul of man is stronger than is either death
or fate;
And where'er my bugle calls them, under any sun or
star,
They will leap with smiling faces to the fire test of
war.

THE BRAVE AT HOME[1]

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

[1] *By permission of the publishers, J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.*

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL[1]

1861

BY LUCY LARCOM

This year, till late in April, the snow fell thick and light:
Thy truce-flag, friendly Nature, in clinging drifts of white,

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Hung over field and city: now everywhere is seen,
In place of that white quietness, a sudden glow of green.

The verdure climbs the Common, beneath the leafless trees,
To where the glorious Stars and Stripes are floating on the breeze.
There, suddenly as spring awoke from winter's snow-draped gloom,
The Passion-Flower of Seventy-Six is bursting into bloom.

Dear is the time of roses, when earth to joy is wed,
And garden-plot and meadow wear one generous flush of red;
But now in dearer beauty, to her ancient colors true,
Blooms the old town of Boston in red and white and blue.

Along the whole awakening North are those bright emblems spread;
A summer noon of patriotism is burning overhead:
No party badges flaunting now, no word of clique or clan;
But "Up for God and Union!" is the shout of every man.

Oh, peace is dear to Northern hearts; our hard-earned homes more dear;
But Freedom is beyond the price of any earthly cheer;

And Freedom's flag is sacred; he who would work it harm,
Let him, although a brother, beware our strong right arm!

Ah brother! ah, the sorrow, the anguish of that word!
The fratricidal strife begun, when will its end be heard?
Not this the boon that patriot hearts have prayed and waited for;—
We loved them, and we longed for peace: but they would have it war.

Yes; war! on this memorial day, the day of Lexington,
A lightning-thrill along the wires from heart to heart has run.
Brave men we gazed on yesterday, to-day for us have bled;
Again is Massachusetts blood the first for Freedom shed.

To war,—and with our brethren then,—if only this can be!
Life hangs as nothing in the scale against dear Liberty!
Though hearts be torn asunder, for Freedom we will fight:
Our blood may seal the victory, but God will shield the Right!

MANASSAS

July 21, 1861

BY CATHERINE M. WARFIELD

They have met at last—as storm-clouds
Meet in heaven,
And the Northmen back and bleeding
Have been driven:
And their thunders have been stilled,
And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks with terror thrilled,
Rent and riven!

Like the leaves of Vallombrosa
They are lying;
In the moonlight, in the midnight,
Dead and dying;
Like those leaves before the gale,
Swept their legion, wild and pale;
While the host that made them quail
Stood, defying.

When aloft in morning sunlight
Flags were flaunted,
And "swift vengeance on the rebel"
Proudly vaunted;
Little did they think that night
Should close upon their shameful flight,
And rebels, victors in the fight,
Stand undaunted.

But peace to those who perished
In our passes!
Light be the earth above them;
Green the grasses!
Long shall Northmen rue the day
When they met our stern array,
And shrunk from battle's wild affray
At Manassas.

(Southern.)

THE COUNTERSIGN

BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Alas! the weary hours pass slow,
The night is very dark and still;
And in the marshes far below
I hear the bearded whippoorwill;
I scarce can see a yard ahead,
My ears are strained to catch each sound;
I hear the leaves about me shed,
And the spring's bubbling through the ground.

Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rays mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form with bending back,
I think I see him crouching low;
I stop and list—I stoop and peer,
Until the neighboring hillocks grow
To groups of soldiers far and near.

With ready piece I wait and watch,
Until my eyes, familiar grown,
Detect each harmless earthen notch,
And turn guerrillas into stone;
And then, amid the lonely gloom,
Beneath the tall old chestnut trees,
My silent marches I resume,
And think of other times than these.

Sweet visions through the silent night!
The deep bay windows fringed with vine,
The room within, in softened light,
The tender, milk-white hand in mine;
The timid pressure, and the pause
That often overcame our speech—
The time when by mysterious laws
We each felt all in all to each.

And then that bitter, bitter day,
When came the final hour to part;
When, clad in soldier's honest gray,
I pressed her weeping to my heart;
Too proud of me to bid me stay,
Too fond of me to let me go,
I had to tear myself away,
And left her, stolid in my woe.

So rose the dream, so passed the night—
When, distant in the darksome glen,
Approaching up the somber height
I heard the solid march of men;
Till over stubble, over sward,
And fields where lay the golden sheaf,

I saw the lantern of the guard
Advancing with the night relief.

"Halt! Who goes there?" my challenge cry.
It rings along the watchful line;
"Relief!" I hear a voice reply;
"Advance, and give the countersign!"
With bayonet at the charge I wait—
The corporal gives the mystic spell;
With arms aport I charge my mate,
Then onward pass, and all is well.

But in the tent that night awake,
I ask, if in the fray I fall,
Can I the mystic answer make
When the angelic sentries call?
And pray that Heaven may so ordain,
Whene'er I go, what fate be mine,
Whether in pleasure or in pain,
I still may have the countersign.

(Southern.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

BY GEORGE F. ROOT

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Oh, cheer up, comrades, they will come.
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again,
Of freedom in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When the fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.
Cho.

So, within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing friends and home once more.
Cho.

KEARNY AT SEVEN PINES[1]

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey,—
That story of Kearny who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry, and Birney,
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field.

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and nighest,—
No charge like Phil Kearny's along the whole line.

When the battle went ill, and the bravest were solemn,
Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held our ground,
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound;
He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the powder,—
His sword waved us on and we answered the sign:
Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang the louder,
"There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!"

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left,—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in,—through the clearing or pine?
"O, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel:
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!"

O, evil the black shroud of night at Chantilly,
That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried!
Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride!
Yet we dream that he still,—in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan drummer's sign,—
Rides on, as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is Forward! along the whole line.

THE DEATH OF SLAVERY

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

O thou great Wrong, that, through the slow-paced years,
Didst hold thy millions fettered, and didst wield
The scourge that drove the laborer to the field,
And turn a stony gaze on human tears,
Thy cruel reign is o'er;
Thy bondmen crouch no more
In terror at the menace of thine eye;
For He who marks the bounds of guilty power,
Long-suffering, hath heard the captive's cry,
And touched his shackles at the appointed hour,
And lo! they fall, and he whose limbs they galled
Stands in his native manhood, disenthralled.

A shout of joy from the redeemed is sent;
Ten thousand hamlets swell the hymn of thanks;
Our rivers roll exulting, and their banks
Send up hosannas to the firmament!
Fields where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs
Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.

Within that land wert thou enthroned of late,
And they by whom the nation's laws were made,
And they who filled its judgment-seats, obeyed
Thy mandate, rigid as the will of Fate.
Fierce men at thy right hand,
With gesture of command,
Gave forth the word that none might dare gainsay;
And grave and reverend ones, who loved thee not,
Shrank from thy presence, and in blank dismay
Choked down, unuttered, the rebellious thought;
While meaner cowards, mingling with thy train,
Proved, from the book of God, thy right to reign.

Great as thou wert, and feared from shore to shore,
The wrath of Heaven o'ertook thee in thy pride;
Thou sitt'st a ghastly shadow; by thy side
Thy once strong arms hang nerveless evermore.
And they who quailed but now
Before thy lowering brow,

Devote thy memory to scorn and shame,
And scoff at the pale, powerless thing thou art.
And they who ruled in thine imperial name,
Subdued, and standing sullenly apart,
Scowl at the hands that overthrew thy reign,
And shattered at a blow the prisoner's chain.

Well was thy doom deserved; thou didst not spare
Life's tenderest ties, but cruelly didst part
Husband and wife, and from the mother's heart
Didst wrest her children, deaf to shriek and prayer;
Thy inner lair became
The haunt of guilty shame;
Thy lash dropped blood; the murderer, at thy side,
Showed his red hands, nor feared the vengeance due.
Thou didst sow earth with crimes, and, far and wide,
A harvest of uncounted miseries grew,
Until the measure of thy sins at last
Was full, and then the avenging bolt was cast!

Go now, accursed of God, and take thy place
With hateful memories of the elder time,
With many a wasting plague, and nameless crime,
And bloody war that thinned the human race;
With the Black Death, whose way
Through wailing cities lay,
Worship of Moloch, tyrannies that built
The Pyramids, and cruel creeds that taught
To avenge a fancied guilt by deeper guilt—
Death at the stake to those that held them not.
Lo! the foul phantoms, silent in the gloom
Of the flown ages, part to yield thee room.

I see the better years that hasten by
Carry thee back into that shadowy past,
Where, in the dusty spaces, void and vast,
The graves of those whom thou hast murdered lie.
The slave-pen, through whose door
Thy victims pass no more,
Is there, and there shall the grim block remain
At which the slave was sold; while at thy feet
Scourges and engines of restraint and pain
Molder and rust by thine eternal seat.
There, mid the symbols that proclaim thy crimes,
Dwell thou, a warning to the coming times.

CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD

BY WALT WHITMAN

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green islands,
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun,—hark to the musical clank,
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop to drink,
Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person, a picture, the negligent rest on the saddles,
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the ford—while,
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.

BIVOUAC ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE

BY WALT WHITMAN

I see before me now a traveling army halting,
Below a fertile valley spread, with barns and the orchards of summer,
Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt, in places rising high,
Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with tall shapes dingily seen,
The numerous camp-fires scattered near and far, some away up on the mountain,
The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming, large-sized, flickering,
And over all the sky—the sky! far, far out of reach, studded, breaking out, the eternal stars.

FROM "THE RIVER-FIGHT"

BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL

Would you hear of the River-Fight?
It was two of a soft spring night;—
God's stars looked down on all,
And all was clear and bright
But the low fog's chilling breath—
Up the River of Death
Sailed the Great Admiral.

On our high poop-deck he stood,
  And round him ranged the men
Who have made their birthright good
  Of manhood, once and again,—
Lords of helm and of sail,
Tried in tempest and gale,
  Bronzed in battle and wreck:
Bell and Bailey grandly led
Each his Line of the Blue and Red,
Wainwright stood by our starboard rail,
  Thornton fought the deck.

And I mind me of more than they,
  Of the youthful, steadfast ones,
  That have shown them worthy sons
Of the Seamen passed away—
Tyson conned our helm that day,
  Watson stood by his guns.

What thought our Admiral then,
Looking down on his men?
  Since the terrible day,
    (Day of renown and tears!)
  When at anchor the Essex lay,
  Holding her foes at bay,
When, a boy, by Porter's side he stood
Till deck and plank-sheer were dyed with blood,
    'Tis half a hundred years—
  Half a hundred years to-day!

Who could fail with him?
Who reckon of life or limb?
  Not a pulse but beat the higher!

There had you seen, by the starlight dim,
Five hundred faces strong and grim—
  The Flag is going under fire!
Right up by the fort, with her helm hard-a-port,
  The Hartford is going under fire!

The way to our work was plain,
Caldwell had broken the chain
(Two hulks swung down amain,
  Soon as 'twas sundered).
Under the night's dark blue,
Steering steady and true,
Ship after ship went through,
Till, as we hove in view,
  Jackson out-thundered.

Back echoed Philip! ah, then
Could you have seen our men,
  How they sprung, in the dim night haze,
To their work of toil and of clamor!
How the loaders, with sponge and rammer,
And their captains, with cord and hammer,
  Kept every muscle ablaze!
How the guns, as with cheer and shout
Our tackle-men hurled them out,
  Brought up on the waterways!

First, as we fired at their flash,
  'Twas lightning and black eclipse,
With a bellowing roll and crash;
But soon, upon either bow,
  What with forts, and fire-rafts, and ships,

(The whole fleet was hard at it now,
All pounding away!) and Porter
Still thundering with shell and mortar,
'Twas the mighty sound and form
Of an equatorial storm!

(Such you see in the Far South,
After long heat and drouth,
As day draws nigh to even:
Arching from North to South,
Blinding the tropic sun,
The great black bow comes on,
Till the thunder-veil is riven,
When all is crash and levin,
And the cannonade of heaven
Rolls down the Amazon!)

But, as we worked along higher,
Just where the river enlarges,
Down came a pyramid of fire—
It was one of your long coal barges
(We had often had the like before).
'Twas coming down on us to larboard,
Well in with the eastern shore,
And our pilot, to let it pass round,
(You may guess we never stopped to sound)
Giving us a rank sheer to starboard,
Ran the Flag hard and fast aground!

'Twas night abreast the Upper Fort,
And straightway a rascal Ram
(She was shaped like the devil's dam)

Puffed away for us with a snort,
And shoved it with spiteful strength
Right alongside of us, to port.
(It was all of our ship's length,
A huge crackling Cradle of the Pit,
Pitch-pine knots to the brim,
Belching flame red and grim)
What a roar came up from it!

Well, for a little it looked bad;
But these things are, somehow, shorter
In the acting than the telling.
There was no singing-out nor yelling,
Nor any fussing and fretting,
No stampede, in short;
But there we were, my lad,
All afire on our port quarter,
Hammocks ablaze in the netting,
Flames spouting in at every port,
Our Fourth Cutter burning at the davit,
No chance to lower away and save it.

In a twinkling the flames had risen
Halfway to maintop and mizzen,
Darting up the shrouds like snakes.
Ah, how we clanked at the brakes!
And the deep steam-pumps throbbed under,
Sending a ceaseless flow.
Our topmen, a dauntless crowd,
Swarmed in rigging and shroud—
There ('twas a wonder!)

The burning ratlines and strands
They quenched with their bare hard hands;
But the great guns below
Never silenced their thunder!

At last, by backing and sounding,
When we were clear of grounding,
And under headway once more,
The whole rebel fleet came rounding
The point. If we had it hot before,
'Twas now, from shore to shore,
One long, loud thundering roar—
Such crashing, splintering, and pounding,
And smashing as you never heard before!

But that we fought foul wrong to wreck,
And to save the Land we loved so well,
You might have deemed our long gun deck
Two hundred feet of hell!

For all above was battle,
Broadside, and blaze, and rattle,
Smoke and thunder alone;
But, down in the sick-bay,
Where our wounded and dying lay,
There was scarce a sob or a moan.

And at last, when the dim day broke,
And the sullen sun awoke,
Drearily blinking
O'er the haze and the cannon-smoke
That ever such morning dulls,
There were thirteen traitor hulls
On fire and sinking!

IN ACTION

ANONYMOUS

When the blue-black waves are tipped with white, and
the balmy trade-winds blow,
When the palm-crowned coast in the offing lies, with
sands like the driven snow,
When the mighty hulls of the battleships—the nation's
strength and pride—
And the ghostlike little torpedo-boats are lying side by
side;

When all is still save the screaming gulls, as they
circle high o'erhead,
When naught is heard on the steel-bound decks, save
the watches' measured tread,
When far to windward a tiny cloud floats up from
the grim old fort,
Then the piercing scream of a shrapnel-shot and the
ten-ton gun's report;

Then armored decks are alive with life, and the calls
to quarters below,
Then the gun crews stand beside their guns, and the
stokers sweat below,
Then the jingling bells in the engine-room clamor and
call for speed,
And the thousand tons of hardened steel shake like a
wind-tossed reed.

Now the guns of the fort are belching flame, and the
shot and shell fall fast,
Now three are down by the forward gun, and six in
the fighting mast,
Now the ships rush on in majesty, while the gunners
hold their breath,
And pray to their God to spare them still from the
harbor's hidden death.

Now a string of fluttering signal flags from the bridge
of the flagship fly,
Now the gatlings, rapids, and twelve-inch guns with
a crashing peal reply,
Now the smoke hangs low o'er the shot-torn wave,
dark death lurks in the air,
And never a word by the guns is said while they spit
and boom and flare.

The fleet steams up in battle array, and the broadsides
crash and roar,
While the rumble and rip from the enemy's guns reply
from the smoke-hung shore;
The once white decks run red with blood, while the
surgeons work below,
And fort and fleet, with shot and shell, pay back each
blow with blow.

At last a flag of truce is raised and gleams through the
drifting smoke,
And the havoc and wreck of a gun is seen, where a
ten-inch shrapnel broke;

At last the guns of the fleet are still, and now from
far and near
Are heard the shouts of a victor's crew as they answer
cheer with cheer.

The shrilly call of the bo's'n's mate the crew from
quarters pipes,
And the dead are stretched on the quarter-deck,
wrapped in the stars and stripes,
While the setting sun sinks in the west, a blazing ball
of fire,
Lighting the scene of a battle fought, and the carnage
of man's desire.

FREDERICKSBURG[1]

December 13, 1862

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

The increasing moonlight drifts across my bed,
And on the churchyard by the road I know
It falls as white and noiselessly as snow.
'Twas such a night two weary summers fled;
The stars, as now, were waning overhead.
Listen! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow
Where the swift currents of the river flow
Past Fredericksburg: far off the heavens are red
With sudden conflagration: on yon height,
Linstock in hand, the gunners hold their breath:

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

A single-rocket pierces the dense night,
Flings its spent stars upon the town beneath:
Hark!—the artillery massing on the right,
Hark!—the black squadrons wheeling down to Death.

THE LAST FIGHT

BY LEWIS FRANK TOOKER

That night I think that no one slept;
No bells were struck, no whistle blew,
And when the watch was changed I crept
From man to man of all the crew
With whispered orders. Though we swept
Through roaring seas, we hushed the clock,
And muffled every clanking block.

So when one fool, unheeding, cried
Some petty order, straight I ran,
And threw him sprawling o'er the side.
All life is but a narrow span:
It little matters that one bide
A moment longer here, for all
Fare the same road, whate'er befall.

But vain my care; for when the day
Broke gray and wet, we saw the foe
But half a stormy league away.
By noon we saw his black bows throw
Five fathoms high a wall of spray;
A little more, we heard the drum,
And knew that our last hour had come.

All day our crew had lined the side
With grim, set faces, muttering;
And once a boy (the first that died)
One of our wild songs tried to sing;
But when their first shot missed us wide,
A dozen sprang above our rail,
Shook fists, and roared a cursing hail.

Thereon, all hot for war, they bound
Their heads with cool, wet bands, and drew
Their belts close, and their keen blades ground;
Then, at the next gun's puff of blue,
We set the grog-cup on its round,
And pledged for life or pledged for death
Our last sigh of expiring breath.

Laughing, our brown young singer fell
As their next shot crashed through our rail;
Then 'twixt us flashed the fire of hell,
That shattered spar and riddled sail,
What ill we wrought we could not tell;
But blood-red all their scuppers dripped
When their black hull to starboard dipped.

Nine times I saw our helmsman fall,
And nine times sent new men, who took
The whirling wheel as at death's call;
But when I saw the last one look
From sky to deck, then, reeling, crawl
Under the shattered rail to die,
I knew where I should surely lie.

I could not send more men to stand
And turn in idleness the wheel
Until they took death's beckoning hand,
While others, meeting steel with steel,
Flamed out their lives—an eager band,
Cheers on their lips, and in their eyes
The goal-rapt look of high emprise.

So to the wheel I went. Like bees
I heard the shot go darting by;
There came a trembling in my knees,
And black spots whirled about the sky.
I thought of things beyond the seas—
The little town where I was born,
And swallows twittering in the morn.

A wounded creature drew him where
I grasped the wheel, and begged to steer.
It mattered not how he might fare
The little time he had for fear;
So if I left this to his care
He too might serve us yet, he said.
He died there while I shook my head.

I would not fall so like a dog,
My helpless back turned to the foe;
So when his great hulk, like a log,
Came surging past our quarter, lo!
With helm hard down, straight through the fog
Of battle smoke, and luffing wide,
I sent our sharp bow through his side.

The willing waves came rushing in
  The ragged entrance that we gave;
Like snakes I heard their green coils spin
  Up, up, around our floating grave;
But dauntless still, amid a din
  Of clashing steel and battle-shout,
  We rushed to drive their boarders out.

Around me in a closing ring
  My grim-faced foemen darkly drew;
Then, sweeter than the lark in spring,
  Loud rang our blades; the red sparks flew.
Twice, thrice, I felt the sudden sting
  Of some keen stroke; then, swinging fair,
  My own clave more than empty air.

The fight went raging past me when
  My good blade cleared a silent place;
Then in a ring of fallen men
  I paused to breathe a little space.
Elsewhere the deck roared like a glen
  When mountain torrents meet; the fray
  A moment then seemed far away.

The barren sea swept to the sky;
  The empty sky dipped to the sea;
Such utter waste could scarcely lie
  Beyond death's starved periphery.
Only one living thing went by:
  Far overhead an ominous bird
  Rode down the gale with wings unstirred.

Windward I saw the billows swing
  Dark crests to beckon others on
To see our end; then, hurrying
  To reach us ere we should be gone,
They came, like tigers mad to fling
  Their jostling bodies on our ships,
  And snarl at us with foaming lips.

There was no time to spare: a wave
  E'en then broke growling at my feet;
One last look to the sky I gave,
  Then sprang my eager foes to meet.
Loud rang the fray above our grave—
  I felt the vessel downward reel
  As my last thrust met thrusting steel.

I heard a roaring in my ears;
  A green wall pressed against my eyes;
Down, down I passed; the vanished years
  I saw in mimicry arise.
Yet even then I felt no fears,
  And with my last expiring breath
  My past rose up and mocked at death.

VICKSBURG

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

For sixty days and upwards,
  A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
  But still we faltered not.

"If the noble city perish,"
Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards,
The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And even throughout God's holy morn,
O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
As if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
But the Lord, our shield, was with us,
And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gamboled,
Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
As the huge bombs whirled and blazed;
Then turned with silvery laughter
To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought
That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
From scores of flame-clad ships,
And about us, denser, darker,
Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
Those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
Ruled o'er the battle tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with step of hope,
To the music in their hearts.

(Southern.)

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE

ANONYMOUS

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;

We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide
To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our brother's bones beside,

Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the
murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
before:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thou-
sand more!

IN DAYS LIKE THESE

BY THOMAS H. STACY

O God of hosts, whose mighty hand
Our fathers led across the seas,
We took from thee our goodly land,
To thee we look in days like these.
'Mid swelling tumult, bitter word,
'Mid clashing arms and bugles' blare,
While war-drums fret the fevered air,
In days like these, be near, O Lord.

The winds have swept our colors out,
Our polished guns the sun has kissed;
With measured step and loyal shout,
The men troop by who now are missed,
The hilltops signal far away,
The sea calls sea with beacon lips,
Where ride our far-flung battleships
To strike the foe at break of day.

Forgive, O Lord, that we forgot
To humble self and thee to please;
Our vows unkept, sins thought, unthought,
Forgive, O Lord, in days like these.
Our gift upon the altar lies,
Accept it ere thou call us hence,
Although thou saidst obedience
Is better than a sacrifice.

'Tis not for gain or vengeful spite
Our treasure and our life is poured,
But for the wronged who have no might,
Whose cry has reached the ear of God.
In days like these our motives take,
Since whom thou usest thou must trust;
And when we strike because we must,
Help us to heal the wounds we make.

THE TROOP-SHIP SAILS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Is it good-by,
My lad?
No, I'll not cry.
Has the time come?
The bugle-call from the sea-wall,
The tap of drum?
My tears are dry.

Rest your head here,
My lad,
Close to me, dear;
Why do you stare?
Have pain and care made me less fair?
Are my lips white with fear?
Hark! how they cheer
Down in the Square there!

What do they care,
My lad,
For this brown hair
That I love so?
Their drums' long roll will crush my soul—
Ah, God! don't go!—
I cannot bear—

There, I'll be still,
My lad,
Truly I will;
My tears are spent.
Which regiment will next be sent?
Does every bullet kill?
Hold me until
The call is urgent!

Who spoke your name,
My lad?
The summons came
Out of the crowd!
Oh, hold me, lad! fold me, lad!
Their flag's a shroud
To bury shame!

Have they begun,
My lad?
See, the troops run!
Your eyes are wet;
You are so quiet; is there time yet?
God! It's the signal gun!
Kiss me,—just one.
Run with your musket!

THE BATTLE OF CHARLESTON HARBOR

Bombardment of Fort Sumter by the fleet, April 7th, 1863

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Two hours, or more, beyond the prime of a blithe
April day,
The Northmen's mailed "Invincibles" steamed up
fair Charleston Bay;
They came in sullen file and slow, low-breasted on the
wave,
Black as a midnight front of storm, and silent as the
grave.

A thousand warrior-hearts beat high as those dread
monsters drew
More closely to the game of death across the breezeless
blue,

And twice ten thousand hearts of those who watched
the scene afar,
Thrill in the awful hush that bides the battle's broad-
ening star.

Each gunner, moveless by his gun, with rigid aspect
stands,
The ready lanyards firmly grasped in bold, untrembling
hands,
So moveless in their marbled calm, their stern heroic
guise,
They looked like forms of statued stone with burning
human eyes!

Our banners on the outmost walls, with stately rust-
ling fold,
Flash back from arch and parapet the sunlight's ruddy
gold,—
They mount to the deep roll of drums, and widely
echoing cheers,
And then—once more, dark, breathless, hushed, wait
the grim cannoneers.

Onward—in sullen file and slow, low glooming on the
wave,
Near, nearer still, the haughty fleet glides silent as the
grave,
When sudden, shivering up the calm, o'er startled flood
and shore,
Burst from the sacred Island Fort the thunder-wrath
of yore!

Ha! brutal Corsairs! though ye come thrice-cased in
iron mail,
Beware the storm that's opening now, God's vengeance
guides the hail!
Ye strive, the ruffian types of Might, 'gainst Law and
Truth and Right;
Now quail beneath a sturdier Power, and own a
mightier Might!

No empty boast! for while we speak, more furious,
wilder, higher,
Dart from the circling batteries a hundred tongues of
fire;
The waves gleam red, the lurid vault of heaven seems
rent above;
Fight on, O knightly gentlemen! for faith and home
and love!

There's not in all that line of flame, one soul that would
not rise
To seize the victor's wreath of blood, though death
must give the prize—
There's not in all this anxious crowd that throngs the
ancient town
A maid who does not yearn for power to strike one
despot down.

The strife grows fiercer! ship by ship the proud
armada sweeps,
Where hot from Sumter's raging breast the volleyed
lightning leaps;

And ship by ship, raked, overborne, ere burned the sunset light,
Crawls in the gloom of baffled hate beyond the field of fight!

O glorious Empress of the Main! from out thy storied spires
Thou well mayst peal thy bells of joy, and light thy festal fires,—
Since Heaven this day hath striven for thee, hath nerved thy dauntless sons,
And thou in clear-eyed faith hast seen God's angels near the guns!

(Southern.)

CANTICLE DE PROFUNDIS[1]

BY LUCY LARCOM

Glory to Thee, Father of all the Immortal,
Ever belongs;
We bring Thee from our watch by the grave's portal
Nothing but songs.
Though every wave of trouble has gone o'er us,—
Though in the fire
We have lost treasures time cannot restore us,—
Though all desire
That made life beautiful fades out in sorrow,—
Though the strange path
Winding so lonely through the bleak to-morrow,
No comfort hath,—

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Though blackness gathers round us on all faces,
And we can see
By the red war-flash but Love's empty places,—
Glory to Thee!

For, underneath the crash and roar of battle,
The deafening roll
That calls men off to butchery like cattle,
Soul after soul;
Under the horrid sound of chaos seething
In blind hot strife,
We feel the moving of Thy Spirit, breathing
A better life
Into the air of our long-sickened nation;
A muffled hymn;
The star-sung prelude of a new creation;
Suffusions dim,—
The bursting upward of a stifled glory,
That shall arise
To light new pages in the world's great story
For happier eyes.

If upon lips too close to dead lips leaning,
Songs be not found,
Yet wilt Thou know our life's unuttered meaning:
In its deep ground,
As seeds in earth, sleep sorrow-drenchèd praises,
Waiting to bring
Incense to Thee along thought's barren mazes
When Thou send'st spring.

Glory to Thee! we say, with shuddering wonder,
While a hushed land

Hears the stern lesson syllabled in thunder,
That Truth is grand
As life must be; that neither man nor nation
May soil Thy throne
With a soul's life-blood—horrible oblation!
Nor quick be shown
That Thou wilt not be mocked by prayer whose nurses
Were Hate and Wrong;
That trees so vile must drop back fruit in curses
Bitter and strong.

Glory to Thee, who wilt not let us smother
Ourselves in sin;
Sending Pain's messengers fast on each other
Us whence to win!
Praise for the scourging under which we languish,
So torn, so sore!
And save us strength, if yet uncleansed by anguish,
To welcome more.
Life were not life to us, could they be fables,—
Justice and Right:
Scathe crime with lightning, till we see the tables
Of Law burn bright!

Glory to Thee, whose glory and whose pleasure
Must be in good!
By Thee the mysteries we cannot measure
Are understood.
With the abysses of Thyself above us,
Our sins below,
That Thou dost look from Thy pure heaven and love us,
Enough to know.

Enough to lay our praises on Thy bosom—
Praises fresh-grown
Out of our depths, dark root and open blossom,
Up to Thy throne.
When choking tears make our Hosannas falter,
The music free!
Oh, keep clear voices singing at Thy altar,
Glory to Thee!

"HOW ARE YOU, SANITARY?"[1]

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

The U. S. Sanitary Commission was organized to supply comforts to the soldiers in the field. Out of this grew the Red Cross Associations

Down the picket-guarded lane
Rolled the comfort-laden wain,
Cheered by shouts that shook the plain,
Soldier-like and merry:
Phrases such as camps may teach,
Saber-cuts of Saxon speech,
Such as "Bully!" "Them's the peach!"
"Wade in, Sanitary!"

Right and left the caissons drew
As the car went lumbering through,

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Quick succeeding in review
  Squadrons military;
Sunburnt men with beards like frieze,
Smooth-faced boys, and cries like these,—
"U. S. San. Com." "That's the cheese!"
  "Pass in, Sanitary!"

In such cheer it struggled on
Till the battle front was won,
Then the car, its journey done,
  Lo! was stationary;
And where bullets whistling fly,
Came the sadder, fainter cry,
"Help us, brothers, ere we die,—
  Save us, Sanitary!"

Such the work. The phantom flies,
Wrapped in battle clouds that rise;
But the brave—whose dying eyes,
  Veiled and visionary,
See the jasper gates swung wide,
See the parted throng outside—
Hear the voice to those who ride:
  "Pass in, Sanitary!"

WHAT THE BULLET SANG[1]

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

O joy of creation
    To be!
O rapture to fly
    And be free!

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love,—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;
I shall know him by his face,
By his godlike front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space,
All my own!

It is he—O my love!
So bold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!
It is I. O love! what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweetheart! what is this
Lieth there so cold?

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

BY JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,
While God is marching on.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind.
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
  Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
  For their mother; may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
  That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
  Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
  He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
  As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
  The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
  Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
  Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle . . . "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
  The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
  No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
  The picket's off duty forever!

ORDER FOR A DAY OF FASTING

Headquarters, Army Northern Virginia,
August 13, 1863.

The President of the Confederate States has, in the name of the people, appointed August 21st as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer. A strict observance of the day is enjoined upon the officers and soldiers of this army. All military duties, except such as are absolutely necessary, will be suspended. The commanding officers of brigades and regiments are requested to cause divine services, suitable to the occasion, to be performed in their respective commands. Soldiers! we have sinned against Almighty God. We have forgotten His signal mercies, and have cultivated a revengeful, haughty, and boastful spirit. We have not remembered that the defenders of a just cause should be pure in His eyes; that "our times are in His hands," and we have relied too much on our own arms for the achievement of our independence. God is our only refuge and our strength. Let us humble ourselves before Him. Let us confess our many sins, and beseech Him to give us a higher courage, and a purer patriotism, and a more determined will; that He will convert the hearts of our enemies; that He will hasten the time when war, with its sorrows and sufferings, shall cease, and that He will give us a name and place among the nations of the earth.

R. E. Lee, *General.*

KEENAN'S CHARGE

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP

I

The sun had set;
The leaves with dew were wet:
Down fell a bloody dusk
On the woods, that second of May,
Where Stonewall's corps, like a beast of prey,
Tore through, with angry tusk.

"They've trapped us, boys!"
Rose from our flank a voice.
With a rush of steel and smoke
On came the rebels straight,
Eager as love and wild as hate;
And our line reeled and broke:

Broke and fled.
No one stayed—but the dead!
With curses, shrieks, and cries,
Horses and wagons and men
Tumbled back through the shuddering glen,
And above us the fading skies.

There's one hope still,—
Those batteries parked on the hill!
"Battery, wheel!" (mid the roar)
"Pass pieces; fix prolonge to fire
Retiring. Trot!" In the panic dire
A bugle rings "Trot!"—and no more.

The horses plunged,
The cannon lurched and lunged,
To join the hopeless rout.
But suddenly rode a form
Calmly in front of the human storm,
With a stern, commanding shout:

"Align those guns!"
(We knew it was Pleasanton's.)
The cannoneers bent to obey,
And worked with a will at his word:
And the black guns moved as if *they* had heard.
But ah the dread delay!

"To wait is crime;
O God, for ten minutes' time!"
The General looked around.
There Keenan sat, like a stone,
With his three hundred horse alone,
Less shaken than the ground.

"Major, your men?"
"Are soldiers, General." "Then
Charge, Major! Do your best:
Hold the enemy back, at all cost,
Till my guns are placed,—else the army is lost.
You die to save the rest!"

II

By the shrouded gleam of the western skies,
Brave Keenan looked into Pleasanton's eyes
For an instant,—clear, and cool, and still;
Then, with a smile, he said: "I will."

"Cavalry, charge!" Not a man of them shrank.
Their sharp, full cheer, from rank on rank,
Rose joyously, with a willing breath,—
Rose like a greeting hail to death.
Then forward they sprang, and spurred and clashed;
Shouted the officers, crimson-sashed;
Rode well the men, each brave as his fellow,
In their faded coats of the blue and yellow;
And above in the air, with an instinct true,
Like a bird of war their pennon flew.

With clank of scabbards and thunder of steeds,
And blades that shine like sunlit reeds,
And strong brown faces bravely pale
For fear their proud attempt shall fail,
Three hundred Pennsylvanians close
On twice ten thousand gallant foes.

Line after line the troopers came
To the edge of the wood that was ringed with flame;
Rode in and sabered and shot—and fell;
Nor came one back his wounds to tell.
And full in the midst rose Keenan, tall
In the gloom, like a martyr awaiting his fall,
While the circle-stroke of his saber, swung
'Round his head, like a halo there, luminous hung.
Line after line—ay, whole platoons,
Struck dead in their saddles—of brave dragoons
By the maddened horses were onward borne
And into the vortex flung, trampled and torn;
As Keenan fought with his men, side by side.

So they rode, till there were no more to ride.

But over them, lying there, shattered and mute,
What deep echo rolls?—'Tis a death-salute
From the cannon in place; for, heroes, you braved
Your fate not in vain: the army was saved!

Over them now—year following year—
Over their graves the pine-cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his specter-call;
But they stir not again; they raise no cheer;
They have ceased. But their glory shall never cease,
Nor their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of their charge is resounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

LEE TO THE REAR

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON

(During the battles in the Wilderness at the beginning of the campaign of 1864, General Robert E. Lee, impressed with the desperate necessity of carrying a certain peculiarly difficult position, seized the colors of a Texas regiment and undertook to lead the perilous assault in person. The troops and their colonel remonstrated with vehemence, the colonel, in his men's behalf, pledging the regiment to carry the position if General Lee would retire. The troops advanced to the charge shouting "Lee to the Rear!" as a sort of battle cry.—*From American War Ballads and Lyrics.*)

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray;
While perched in the tallest treetops, the birds
Were caroling Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note;
And Nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the East—
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long glittering lines of steel;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
The faces are sullen and grim to see
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the Rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the Rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes on the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain.

Yet louder the thunder of battler roared—
Yet a deadlier fire on the columns poured;

Slaughter infernal rode with Despair,
Furies twain, through the murky air.

Not far off, in the saddle there sat
A gray-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful he kept his eye
On the bold Rebel brigades close by,—
Reserves that were standing (and dying) at ease,
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bulldog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old graybeard rode to the space
Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
This was what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply:

"We'll go forward, but you must go back"—
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track;
"Go to the rear, and we'll send them to hell!"
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like waves of the sea,
Bursting the dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky
Streamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year—
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest,
Where the dead of a terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
The sabers are sheathed, and the cannon are dumb;
And Fate, with his pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides;
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray-bearded man in the black slouched hat.

(Southern.)

RE-ENLISTED[1]

May, 1864

BY LUCY LARCOM

O did you see him in the street, dressed up in army-blue,
When drums and trumpets into town their storm of music threw—
A louder tune than all the winds could muster in the air,
The Rebel winds, that tried so hard our flag in strips to tear?

You didn't mind him? Oh, you looked beyond him then, perhaps,
To see the mounted officers, rigged out with trooper-caps,
And shiny clothes, and sashes, and epaulets and all;
It wasn't for such things as these he heard his country call.

She asked for men; and up he spoke, my handsome, hearty Sam,
"I'll die for the dear old Union, if she'll take me as I am."
And if a better man than he there's mother that can show,
From Maine to Minnesota, then let the nation know!

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

You would not pick him from the rest by eagles or
by stars,
By straps upon his coat-sleeve, or gold or silver bars;
Nor a corporal's strip of worsted; but there's some-
thing in his face,
And something in his even step, a-marching in his
place,

That couldn't be improved by all the badges in the
land:
A patriot, and a good, strong man; are generals much
more grand?
We rest our pride on that big heart wrapped up in
army-blue,
The girl he loves, Mehitabel, and I, who love him too.

He's never shirked a battle yet, though frightful risks
he's run,
Since treason flooded Baltimore, the spring of Sixty-
One;
Through blood and storm he's held out firm, nor fret-
ted once, my Sam,
At swamps of Chickahominy, or fields of Antietam.

Though many a time, he's told us, when he saw them
lying dead,
The boys that came from Newburyport, and Lynn,
and Marblehead,
Stretched out upon the trampled turf, and wept on by
the sky,
It seemed to him the Commonwealth had drained her
life-blood dry.

"But then," he said, "the more's the need the country has of me:
To live and fight the war all through, what glory it will be!
The Rebel balls don't hit me; and, mother, if they should,
You'll know I've fallen in my place, where I have always stood."

He's taken out his furlough, and short enough it seemed:
I often tell Mehitabel he'll think he only dreamed
Of walking with her nights so bright you couldn't see a star,
And hearing the swift tide come in across the harbor bar.

The Stars that shine above the Stripes, they light him southward now;
The tide of war has swept him back; he's made a solemn vow
To build himself no home-nest till his country's work is done;
God bless the vow, and speed the work, my patriot, my son!

And yet it is a pretty place where his new house might be;
An orchard-road that leads your eye straight out upon the sea.
The boy not work his father's farm? it seems almost a shame;
But any selfish plan for him he's never let me name.

He's re-enlisted for the war, for victory or for death!
A soldier's grave, perhaps!—the thought has half-
way stopped my breath,
And driven a cloud across the sun;—my boy, it will
not be!
The war will soon be over; home again you'll come to
me!

He's re-enlisted: and I smiled to see him going, too!
There's nothing that becomes him half so well as
army-blue.
Only a private in the ranks! but sure I am indeed,
If all the privates were like him, they'd scarcely cap-
tains need.

And I, and Massachusetts share the honor of his birth:
The grand old State! to me the best in all the peopled
earth!
I cannot hold a musket, but I have a son who can;
And I'm proud for Freedom's sake to be the mother
of a man!

REVEILLE

BY MICHAEL O'CONNOR

The morning is cheery, my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes,

Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and friends all night;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright;
Come, part with them all for a while again,—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long, I know.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out in the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place,
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face,
Fall in! fall in!

FARRAGUT

Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864

BY WILLIAM TUCKEY MEREDITH

Farragut, Farragut,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke,
Watches the hoary mist
Lift from the bay,
Till his flag, glory-kissed,
Greets the young day.

Far, by gray Morgan's walls,
Looms the black fleet.
Hark, deck to rampart calls
With the drums' beat!
Buoy your chains overboard,
While the steam hums;
Men! to the battlement,
Farragut comes.

See, as the hurricane
Hurtles in wrath
Squadrons of clouds amain
Back from its path!
Back to the parapet,
To the guns' lips,
Thunderbolt Farragut
Hurls the black ships.

Now through the battle's roar
Clear the boy sings,
"By the mark fathoms four,"
While his lead swings.
Steady the wheelmen five
"Nor' by East keep her,"
"Steady," but two alive;
How the shells sweep her!

Lashed to the mast that sways
Over red decks,
Over the flame that plays
Round the torn wrecks,
Over the dying lips
Framed for a cheer,
Farragut leads his ships,
Guides the line clear.

On by heights cannon-browed,
While the spars quiver;
Onward still flames the cloud
Where the hulks shiver.
See, yon fort's star is set,
Storm and fire past.
Cheer him, lads—Farragut,
Lashed to the mast!

Oh! while Atlantic's breast
Bears a white sail,
While the Gulf's towering crest
Tops a green vale,

Men thy bold deeds shall tell,
Old Heart of Oak,
Daring Dave Farragut,
Thunderbolt stroke!

DRIVING HOME THE COWS

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,

Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE[1]

October 19, 1864

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;

[1] *By courtesy of J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
On the tail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like a narrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape flowed away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? what to do? A glance told him both.
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

"HE'LL SEE IT WHEN HE WAKES"

BY FRANK LEE

[In "Bugle Echoes" Mr. Francis F. Browne introduces this poem with the following note: "In one of the battles in Virginia a gallant young Mississippian had fallen, and at night, just before burying him, there came a letter from his betrothed. One of the burial group took the letter and laid it upon the breast of the dead soldier, with the words: 'Bury it with him. He'll see it when he wakes.'"]

Amid the clouds of battle-smoke
The sun had died away,

And where the storm of battle broke
A thousand warriors lay.
A band of friends upon the field
Stood round a youthful form
Who, when the war-cloud's thunder pealed,
Had perished in the storm.
Upon his forehead, on his hair,
The coming moonlight breaks,
And each dear brother standing there
A tender farewell takes.

But ere they laid him in his home
There came a comrade near,
And gave a token that had come
From her the dead held dear.
A moment's doubt upon them pressed,
Then one the letter takes,
And lays it low upon his breast—
"He'll see it when he wakes."
O thou who dost in sorrow wait,
Whose heart with anguish breaks,
Though thy dear message came too late,
"He'll see it when he wakes."

No more amid the fiery storm
Shall his strong arm be seen;
No more his young and manly form
Tread Mississippi's green;
And e'en thy tender words of love—
The words affection speaks—
Came all too late; but oh! thy love
"Will see them when he wakes."

No jars disturb his gentle rest,
No noise his slumber breaks,
But thy words sleep upon his breast—
"He'll see them when he wakes."

(Southern.)

SPRING AT THE CAPITAL

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

The poplar drops beside the way
Its tasseled plumes of silver gray;
The chestnut points its great brown buds, impatient
for the laggard May.

The honeysuckles lace the wall;
The hyacinths grow fair and tall;
And mellow sun, and pleasant wind, and odorous bees
are over all.

Down-looking in this snow-white bud,
How distant seems the war's red flood!
How far remote the streaming wounds, the sickening
scent of human blood!

For Nature does not recognize
This strife that rends the earth and skies;
No war-dreams vex the winter's sleep of clover-heads
and daisy-eyes.

She holds her even way the same,
Though navies sink, or cities flame:
A snowdrop is a snowdrop still, despite the Nation's joy or shame.

When blood her grassy altar wets,
She sends the pitying violets
To heal the outrage with their bloom, and cover it with soft regrets.

O crocuses with rain-wet eyes,
O tender-lipped anemones,
What do you know of agony, and death, and blood-won victories?

No shudder breaks your sunshine trance,
Though near you rolls, with slow advance,
Clouding your shining leaves with dust, the anguish-laden ambulance.

Yonder a white encampment hums;
The clash of martial music comes;
And now your startled stems are all a-tremble with the jar of drums.

Whether it lessen or increase,
Or whether trumpets shout or cease,
Still, deep within your tranquil hearts, the happy bees are humming, "Peace!"

O flowers! the soul that faints or grieves
New comfort from your lips receives;
Sweet confidence and patient faith are hidden in your healing leaves.

Help us to trust still on and on,
That this dark night will soon be gone,
And that these battle-stains are but the blood-red
trouble of the dawn,—

Dawn of a broader, whiter day
Then ever blessed us with its ray,—
A dawn beneath whose purer light all guilt and
wrong shall fade away.

Then shall our Nation break its bands,
And, silencing the envious lands,
Stand in the searching light unshamed, with spotless
robe, and clean, white hands.

ARMY CORRESPONDENT'S LAST RIDE

Five Forks, April 1, 1865

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND

Ho! pony. Down the lonely road
Strike now your cheeriest pace!
The woods on fire do not burn higher
Than burns my anxious face;
Far have you sped, but all this night
Must feel my nervous spur;
If we be late, the world must wait
The tidings we aver:—

To home and hamlet, town and hearth,
  To thrill child, mother, man,
I carry to the waiting North
  Great news from Sheridan!

The birds are dead among the pines,
  Slain by the battle fright,
Prone in the road the steed reclines
  That never reached the fight;
Yet on we go,—the wreck below
  Of many a tumbled wain,—
By ghastly pools where stranded mules
  Die, drinking of the rain;
With but my list of killed and missed
  I spur my stumbling nag,
To tell of death at many a tryst,
  But victory to the flag!

"Halt! who comes there? The countersign!"—
  "A friend."—"Advance! The fight,—
How goes it, say?"—"We won the day!"—
  "Huzza! Pass on!"—"Good-night!"—
And parts the darkness on before,
  And down the mire we tramp,
And the black sky is painted o'er
  With many a pulsing camp;
O'er stumps and ruts, by ruined huts,
  Where ghosts look through the gloam,—
Behind my tread I hear the dead
  Follow the news toward home!

The hunted souls I see behind,
  In swamp and in ravine,

Whose cry for mercy thrills the wind
  Till cracks the sure carbine;
The moving lights, which scare the dark,
  And show the trampled place
Where, in his blood, some mother's bud
  Turns up his young, dead face;
The captives spent, whose standards rent
  The conqueror parades,
As at the Five Forks roads arrive
  The General's dashing aides.

O wondrous Youth! through this grand ruth
  Runs my boy's life its thread;
The General's fame, the battle's name,
  The rolls of maimed and dead
I bear, with my thrilled soul astir,
  And lonely thoughts and fears,
And am but History's courier
  To bind the conquering years;
A battle-ray, through ages gray
  To light to deeds sublime,
And flash the luster of this day
  Down all the aisles of Time!

Ho! pony,—'tis the signal gun
  The night-assault decreed;
On Petersburg the thunderbolts
  Crash from the lines of Meade;
Fade the pale, frightened stars o'erhead,
  And shrieks the bursting air;
The forest foliage, tinted red,
  Grows ghastlier in the glare;

Though in her towers, reached her last hours,
  Rocks proud Rebellion's crest—
The world may sag, if but my nag
  Get in before the rest!

With bloody flank, and fetlocks dank,
  And goad, and lash, and shout—
Great God! as every hoof-beat falls
  A hundred lives beat out!
As weary as this broken steed
  Reels down the corduroys,
So, weary, fight for morning light
  Our hot and grimy boys;
Through ditches wet, o'er parapet
  And guns barbette, they catch
The last, lost breach; and I,—I reach
  The mail with my dispatch!

Sure it shall speed, the land to read,
  As sped the happiest shell!
The shot I send strike the world's end;
  This tells my pony's knell;
His long race run, the long war done,
  My occupation gone,—
Above his bier, prone on the pier,
  The vultures fleck the dawn.
Still, rest his bones where soldiers dwell,
  Till the Long Roll they catch.
He fell the day that Richmond fell,
  And took the first dispatch!

LEE'S FINAL ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS

Dated April 10, 1865, the Day After the Surrender at Appomattox

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid an affectionate farewell.

R. E. Lee, *General.*

THE CONFLICT ENDED

BY CHARLES DEVENS

From an Address Delivered at Charlestown, Mass., June 17, 1875

The conflict is over! Day by day the material evidences of war fade from sight; the bastions sink to the level of the ground which surrounded them; scarp and counterscarp meet in the ditch which divided them. So let them pass away, forever!

To-day it is the highest duty of all, no matter on what side they were, but, above all, of those who have struggled for the preservation of the Union, to strive that it become one of generous confidence, in which all the States shall, as of old, stand shoulder to shoulder, if need be, against the world in arms. Towards those with whom we were lately in conflict, and who recognize that the results are to be kept inviolate, there should be no feeling of resentment or bitterness. They join with us in the wish to make of this regenerated Union a power grander and more august than the founders ever dared to hope.

All true men are with the South in demanding for her, peace, order, good and honest governments, and encouraging in her the work of rebuilding all that has been made desolate. We need not doubt the issue. With the fire of her ancient courage, she will gird herself up to the emergencies of her new situation. Standing always in generous remembrance of every sec-

tion of the Union, neither now nor hereafter will we distinguish between States or sections, in our anxiety for the glory and happiness of all. Together will we utter our solemn aspiration, in the spirit of the motto of the city which now incloses within its limits the battle-field and town for which the battle was fought: "As God was to our fathers, so may He be to us."

SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE

I read last night of the Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest avenue—
Two Hundred Thousand men in blue,
I think they said was the number,—
Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber,—
Till I fell in a revery, sad and sweet,
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely Capitol. On each hand
Far stretched the portico; dim and grand
Its columns ranged, like a martial band
Of sheeted specters whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing.

And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square;
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

Then I held my breath with fear and dread;
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
To the phantom bugle's warning:

Till it reached the Capitol square, and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form that in state and field
Had led our patriot sires;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and damp,
That showed no flicker, nor waning lamp,
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fife or drum,
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation:
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the Nation.

And there came the nameless dead,—the men
Who perished in fever-swamp and fen,
The slowly-starved of the prison-pen;
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright:
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the Nation's dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge, nor a motto brandished;
No mark—save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze Reviewer;
With never an arch save the vaulted sky;
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array;
So all night long, till the morning, gray,
I watch'd for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder,—
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come; and I spake—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

BY H. C. WORK

Bring the good old bugle, boys; we'll sing another song,—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia!

Cho.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia!

Cho.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said,—and 'twas a handsome boast.
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on a host,
While we were marching through Georgia!

Cho.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia!

Cho.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

BY HENRY W. GRADY

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war —an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up his faded gray jacket, the parole which was the testimony to his children of his

fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half as much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farms devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration

swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches, into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest of June.

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

FROM "THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION ODE"[1]

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Whither leads the path
To ampler fates that leads?
Not down through flowery meads
To reap an aftermath
Of youth's vainglorious weeds,
But up the steep, amid the wrath
And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,
Where the world's best hope and stay
By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,
And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.
Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,
Ere yet the sharp, decisive word
Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword
Dreams in its easeful sheath;

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

But some day the live coal behind the thought,
Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,
Or from the shrine serene
Of God's pure altar brought,
Bursts up in flame; the war of tongue and pen
Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,
And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,
Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men:
Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed
Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,
And cries reproachful: "Was it, then, my praise,
And not myself was loved? Prove now thy truth;
I claim of thee the promise of thy youth;
Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate!"
Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

IV

THE HEROIC DEAD

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

BY WILLIAM COLLINS

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

TWO VETERANS[1]

BY WALT WHITMAN

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking
Down a new-made double grave.

[1] *By permission of the publisher, David McKay, Philadelphia.*

Lo! the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans, son and father, dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them).

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,
('Tis some mother's large transparent face
In heaven brighter growing).

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!

O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

OUR DEAD SOLDIERS

BY FRANCIS A. WALKER

We come, not to mourn our dead soldiers, but to praise them. For one, I have never liked, even from the first, to see, as so often is the case, the flag at half-mast upon Memorial Day. But if ever it was appropriate it long since ceased to be so. After so many years, tears no longer befit the place where the soldier lies in his last sleep. The bitter grief which their untimely deaths brought to so many hearts, Time, the all-healer, has mercifully soothed and softened into pathetic memories and pious veneration. Many who then mourned in all pain and passion of bereavement have themselves followed after, and are now at peace where there is no more sorrow nor crying, no more war and fighting, no more absence nor parting.

But while the reason for personal grief has been steadily diminishing with the lapse of time and with the passing away of those who once mourned, the reason for praising these men and honoring them in

the eyes of the nation has been steadily increasing, as we have come to see more and more clearly the vast and ever-growing significance of that which they did. When our dead soldiers were brought home from battlefield or hospital to be laid in quiet graves, no man in all the land, not even he whose great prophetic soul conducted the nation to its final deliverance, could possibly rise far enough above the clamor and the strife, the anguish and the agony of the time, or peer far enough into the cloudy and threatening future to see the half of what the dullest of us now sees of the greatness of the blessings which were to be purchased by those most pathetic sacrifices.

What they died intent on witnessing, we have lived to see,—the nation redeemed by the blood of its loyal sons, disenthralled from an ignoble bondage, purified of a loathsome leprosy, healed of what seemed a fatal breach among its members,—rise, glad, proud, free, triumphant, jubilant, to address itself to the remaining problems of its existence, to do its appointed work for its own citizens and for all humanity, and to take its rightful place among the nations of the earth with a power not till then suspected, with a true national purpose that before had been doubtful, hesitating, and divided, with a real national character that had before been unformed, inconsistent, and weak.

The nation they saved is in a high sense another nation from that which they went to save, which they died hoping to save. It has at last a definite purpose. That purpose is resolute, considerate, peaceful, beneficent. It has at last an established character. That character is strong, loyal, acquisitive, enterpris-

ing. The nation which amid general gloom and grief entered into that giant struggle, was at the best but in the second rank among the powers of the earth. The stain of human slavery defiled its flag and disfigured its escutcheon. Its industrial system was paralyzed along one entire side by laws which made labor dishonorable and defaced the image of God in man. The shameful sweat of unrequited toil and the poisonous blood that dripped from the lash were slowly sterilizing one-half of its soil. Between the two sections, with their antagonistic civilizations, political passions had long been making ever deeper and deeper divisions.

The nation which emerged from that struggle free, victorious, and forever united has already assumed the primacy among the nations; and its power for good, alike to its own citizenship and to all human kind, has scarcely yet been intimated to our feeble, faltering faith. The glorious mission to which it is called is to illustrate to the world the blessings of peace and liberty and educated labor. It was to achieve this mighty deliverance, it was to work this marvelous transformation that our brave soldiers died. Honor, then, immortal honor, to their memories! Forever green be the graves in which they shall lie among a grateful people rejoicing in the benefits won by their heroic sacrifices and untimely death!

THE UNKNOWN DEAD

BY HENRY TIMROD

The rain is plashing on my sill,
But all the winds of heaven are still;
And so, it falls with that dull sound
Which thrills us in the churchyard ground,
When the first spadeful drops like lead
Upon the coffin of the dead.
Beyond my streaming window-pane
I cannot see the neighboring vane,
Yet from its old familiar tower
The bell comes, muffled, through the shower.
What strange and unsuspected link
Of feeling touched has made me think—
While with a vacant soul and eye
I watch that gray and stony sky—
Of nameless graves on battle plains,
Washed by a single winter's rains,
Where, some beneath Virginian hills,
And some by green Atlantic rills,
Some by the waters of the West,
A myriad unknown heroes rest.
Ah! not the chiefs who, dying, see
Their flags in front of victory,
Or, at their life-blood's noblest cost
Pay for a battle nobly lost,
Claim from their monumental beds
The bitterest tears a nation sheds.
Beneath yon lonely mound—the spot,
By all save some fond few forgot—

Lie the true martyrs of the fight,
Which strikes for freedom and for right.
Of them, their patriot zeal and pride,
The lofty faith that with them died,
No grateful page shall further tell
Than that so many bravely fell;
And we can only dimly guess
What worlds of all this world's distress,
What utter woe, despair, and dearth,
Their fate has brought to many a hearth.
Just such a sky as this should weep
Above them, always, where they sleep;
Yet, haply, at this very hour,
Their graves are like a lover's bower;
And Nature's self, with eyes unwet
Oblivious of the crimson debt
To which she owes her April grace,
Laughs gayly o'er their burial place.

ONLY A SOLDIER'S GRAVE

BY S. A. JONES, OF ABERDEEN, MISS.

Only a soldier's grave! Pass by,
For soldiers, like other mortals, die.
Parents he had—they are far away;
No sister weeps o'er the soldier's clay;
No brother comes, with a tearful eye:
It's only a soldier's grave—pass by.

True, he was loving, and young, and brave,
Though no glowing epitaph honors his grave;
No proud recital of virtues known,
Of griefs endured, or of triumphs won;
No tablet of marble, or obelisk high;
Only a soldier's grave—pass by.

Yet bravely he wielded his sword in fight,
And he gave his life in the cause of right!
When his hope was high, and his youthful dream
As warm as the sunlight on yonder stream;
His heart unvexed by sorrow or sigh;—
Yet, 'tis only a soldier's grave—pass by.

Yet, should we mark it—the soldier's grave,
Some one may seek him in hope to save!
Some of the dear ones, far away,
Would bear him home to his native clay;
'Twere sad, indeed, should they wander nigh,
Find not the hillock, and pass him by.

(Southern.)

READING THE LIST

ANONYMOUS

"Is there any news of the war?" she said.
"Only a list of the wounded and dead,"
Was the man's reply,
Without lifting his eye
To the face of the woman standing by.

" 'Tis the very thing I want," she said;
" Read me a list of the wounded and dead."
He read the list—'twas a sad array
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray.

In the very midst, was a pause to tell
Of a gallant youth who fought so well
That his comrades asked: " Who is he, pray?"
" The only son of the Widow Gray,"
Was the proud reply
Of his captain nigh—
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear!

" Well, well, read on; is he wounded? Quick!
O God! but my heart is sorrow-sick!
Is he wounded?" " No; he fell, they say,
Killed outright on that fatal day!"
But see, the woman has swooned away!

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light;
Slowly recalled the events of the fight;
Faintly she murmured: " Killed outright!
It has cost me the life of my only son;
But the battle is fought, and the victory won;
The will of the Lord, let it be done!"

God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,
And send from the halls of eternal day
The light of his peace to illumine her way.

(Southern.)

DECORATION DAY

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Sleep, comrades! sleep and rest
  On this field of grounded arms,
Where foes no more molest,
  Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,
  And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
  Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of death
  No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
  No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace;
  Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,—
  It is the truce of God.

Rest, comrades! rest and sleep!
  The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels, to keep
  Your rest from dangers free.

Your silent tents of green
  We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
  The memory shall be ours.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS

BY WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Blessed is that country whose soldiers fight for it and are willing to give the best they have, the best that any man has, their own lives, to preserve it because they love it. Such an army the United States has always commanded in every crisis of her history. From the War of the Revolution to the late Civil War, the men followed that flag in battle because they loved that flag and believed in what it represented.

That was the stuff of which the volunteer army of '61 was made. Every one of them not only fought, but thought. And many of them did their own thinking and did not always agree with their commander. A young soldier in the late war was on the battle line ahead with the color-guard, bearing the stars and stripes way in front of the line, but the enemy still in front of him. The general called out to the color-bearer, "Bring those colors back to the line," and quicker than any bullet that young soldier answered back, "Bring the line up to the colors." It was the voice of command; there was a man behind it, and there was patriotism in his heart.

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust;
> So near to God is man,
> When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
> The youth replies, 'I can.'"

And so, more than two million brave men thus responded and made up an army grander than any army

that ever shook the earth with its tread, and engaged in a holier cause than ever engaged soldiers before.

What defenders, my countrymen, have we now? We have the remnant of this old, magnificent, matchless army, of which I have been speaking, and then as allies in any future war, we have the brave men who fought against us on Southern battlefields. The Army of Grant and the Army of Lee are together. They are one now in faith, in hope, in fraternity, in purpose, and in an invincible patriotism. And, therefore, the country is in no danger. In justice strong, in peace secure, and in devotion to the flag all one.

HYMN FOR MEMORIAL DAY

Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C.

BY HENRY TIMROD

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves—
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause,

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes; but your shades will smile
  More proudly on these wreaths to-day
Than when some cannon-molded pile
  Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
  There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies
  By mourning beauty crowned.

HEROES OF THE SOUTH

From an Ode on the Valor and Sufferings of Confederate Soldiers

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

  Four deadly years we fought,
Ringed by a girdle of unfaltering fire
That coiled and hissed in lessening circles nigher.
  Blood dyed the Southern wave;
From ocean border to calm inland river,
There was no pause, no peace, no respite ever.
  Blood of our bravest brave
Drenched in a scarlet rain the western lea,
Swelled the hoarse waters of the Tennessee,
Incarnadined the gulfs, the lakes, the rills,
  And from a hundred hills
Steamed in a mist of slaughter to the skies,
Shutting all hope of heaven from mortal eyes.

The Beaufort blooms were wither'd on the stem;
The fair Gulf City in a single night
Lost her imperial diadem;
And wheresoe'er men's troubled vision roamed
They viewed Might towering o'er the humbled crest of Right!

But for a time, but for a time, O God!
The innate forces of our knightly blood
Rallied, and by the mount, the fen, the flood,
Upraised the tottering standards of our race.
O grand Virginia! though thy glittering glaive
Lies sullied, shattered in a ruthless grave,
How it flashed once!
They dug their trenches deep
(The implacable foe), they ranged their lines of wrath;
But watchful ever on the imminent path
Thy steel-clad genius stood;
North, South, East, West,—they strove to pierce thy shield:
Thou *wouldst* not yield!
Until—unconquered, yea, unconquered still—
Nature's weakened forces answered not thy will,
And gored with wound on wound,
Thy fainting limbs and forehead sought the ground;
And with thee, the young nation fell, a pall
Solemn and rayless, covering one and all!

God's ways are marvelous; here we stand to-day
Discrown'd, and shorn in wildest disarray,
The mock of earth! yet never shone the sun
On sterner deeds, or nobler victories won.

Not in the field alone; ah, come with me
To the dim bivouac by the winter's sea;
Mark the fair sons of courtly mothers crouch
  O'er flickering fires; but gallant still, and gay
As on some bright parade. Or mark the couch
  In reeking hospitals, whereon is laid
The latest scion of a line perchance
Whose veins were royal. Close your blurred romance,
Blurred by the dropping of a maudlin tear,
And watch the manhood here;
  That firm but delicate countenance,
Distorted sometimes by an awful pang,
Borne in meek patience. When the trumpets rang
"To horse!" but yester-morn, that ardent boy
Sprang to his charger, thrilled with hope and joy
To the very finger-tips; and now he lies,
The shadows deepening in those falcon eyes,
  But calm and undismayed
As if the Death that chills him, brow and breast,
Were some fond bride who whispered, "Let us rest!"

Enough! 'tis over! the last gleam of hope
Hath melted from our mournful horoscope—
  Of all, of all bereft;
  Only to us are left
Our buried heroes and their matchless deeds.
These cannot pass; they hold the vital seeds
Which in some far, untracked, unvisioned hour
May burst to vivid bud and glorious flower.
  Meanwhile, upon the nation's broken heart
Her martyrs sleep. Oh, dearer far to her
Than if each son, a wreathèd conqueror,

Rode in triumphant state
The loftiest crest of fate;
Oh, dearer far, because outcast and low,
She yearns above them in her awful woe.

(Southern.)

FROM "AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION"[1]

1900

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

BY WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

The wars we wage
Are noble, and our battles still are won
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat
And scramble in the market place of war;
Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.
Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,
This delicate and proud New England soul
Who leads despisèd men, with just-unshackled feet,
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
To show all peoples that our shame is done,
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

Crouched in the sea fog on the moaning sand
All night he lay, speaking some simple word
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
Holding each poor life gently in his hand

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

And breathing on the base rejected clay
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
Against the breaking day;
And lo, the shard the potter cast away
Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine,
Fulfilled of the divine
Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.
Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed—
They swept and died like freemen on the height,
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;
And when the battle fell away at night
By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust
Obscurely in a common grave with him
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust.
Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd limb
In nature's busy old democracy
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea,
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose:—
The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew
This mountain fortress for no earthly hold
Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old
Of spiritual wrong,
Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong,
Expugnable but by a nation's rue
And bowing down before that equal shrine
By all men held divine,
Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

AN ODE[1]

On the Unveiling of the Shaw Memorial on Boston Common, May 31, 1897

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

I

Not with slow, funereal sound
Come we to this sacred ground;
Not with wailing fife and solemn muffled drum,
Bringing a cypress wreath
To lay, with bended knee,
On the cold brows of Death—
Not so, dear God, we come,
But with the trumpets' blare
And shot-torn battle-banners flung to air,
As for a victory!

Hark to the measured tread of martial feet,
The music and the murmurs of the street!
No bugle breathes this day
Disaster and retreat!
Hark, how the iron lips
Of the great battleships
Salute the City from her azure Bay!

II

Time was—time was, ah, unforgotten years!—
We paid our hero tribute of our tears.
But now let go

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

All sounds and signs and formulas of woe:
'Tis Life, not Death, we celebrate;
To Life, not Death, we dedicate
This storied bronze, whereon is wrought
The lithe immortal figure of our thought,
To show forever to men's eyes,
Our children's children's children's eyes,
How once he stood
In that heroic mood,
He and his dusky braves
So fain of glorious graves!—
One instant stood, and then
Drave through that cloud of purple steel and flame,
Which wrapt him, held him, gave him not again,
But in its trampled ashes left to Fame
An everlasting name!

III

That was indeed to live—
At one bold swoop to wrest
From darkling death the best
That death to life can give.
He fell as Roland fell
That day at Roncevaux,
With foot upon the ramparts of the foe!
A pæan, not a knell,
For heroes dying so!
No need for sorrow here,
No room for sigh or tear,
Save such rich tears as happy eyelids know.
See where he rides, our Knight!
Within his eyes the light

Of battle, and youth's gold about his brow;
Our Paladin, our Soldier of the Cross,
Not weighing gain with loss—
World-loser, that won all
Obeying duty's call!
Not his, at peril's frown,
A pulse of quicker beat;
Not his to hesitate
And parley hold with Fate,
But proudly to fling down
His gauntlet at her feet.
O soul of loyal valor and white truth,
Here, by this iron gate,
Thy serried ranks about thee as of yore,
Stand thou for evermore
In thy undying youth!

The tender heart, the eagle eye!
Oh, unto him belong
The homages of Song;
Our praises and the praise
Of coming days
To him belong—
To him, to him, the dead that shall not die!

THE BATTLEFIELD

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Once this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armèd hands
Encountered in the battle-cloud.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still;
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again!

Soon rested those who fought; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year,
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

UNDER THE STARS

BY WALLACE RICE

Tell me what sail the seas
Under the stars?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Off to the wars.

Steel are the ship's great sides,
Steel are her guns,
Backward she thrusts the tides,
Swiftly she runs;

Steel is the sailor's heart,
Stalwart his arm,
His the Republic's part
Through cloud and storm.

Tell me what standard rare
Streams from the spars?
Red stripes and white they bear,
Blue, with bright stars:

Red for brave hearts that burn
With liberty,
White for the peace they earn
Making men free,

Stars for the Heaven above,—
Blue for the deep,
Where, in their country's love,
Heroes shall sleep.

Tell me why on the breeze
These banners blow?
Ships, and ships' companies,
Eagerly go

Warring, like all our line,
Freedom to friend
Under this starry sign,
True to the end.

Fair is the Flag's renown,
Sacred her scars,
Sweet the death she shall crown
Under the stars.

SHERMAN [1]

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of the nation;
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not peace;
Who fought for freedom, not glory; made war that war might cease.

Glory and honor and fame; the beating of muffled drums;
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapped coffin comes;
Fame and honor and glory; and joy for a noble soul,
For a full and splendid life, and laureled rest at the goal.

Glory and honor and fame; the pomp that a soldier prizes;
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;
Rumbling of caissons and guns; the clatter of horses' feet,
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;
Better than praise of to-day, or the statue we build to-morrow;
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen,
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

OUR HONORED DEAD

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this Nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism? . . .

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

ROLL-CALL

BY NATHANIEL GRAHAM SHEPHERD

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near,—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory,—yes; but it cost us dear:
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered *"Here!"*

A SOLDIER POET

BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

Where swell the songs thou shouldst have sung
By peaceful rivers yet to flow?
Where bloom the smiles thy ready tongue
Would call to lips that loved thee so?
On what far shore of being tossed,
Dost thou resume the genial stave,
And strike again the lyre we lost
By Rappahannock's troubled wave?

If that new world hath hill and stream,
And breezy bank, and quiet dell,
If forests murmur, waters gleam,
And wayside flowers their story tell,
Thy hand ere this has plucked the reed
That wavered by the wooded shore;
Its prisoned soul thy fingers freed
To float melodious evermore.

So seems it to my musing mood,
So runs it in my surer thought,
That much of beauty, more of good,
For thee the rounded years have wrought;
That life will live, however blown
Like vapor on the summer air;
That power perpetuates its own;
That silence here is music there.

A GEORGIA VOLUNTEER

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

Far up the lonely mountain-side
My wandering footsteps led;
The moss lay thick beneath my feet,
The pine sighed overhead.
The trace of a dismantled fort
Lay in the forest nave,
And in the shadow near my path
I saw a soldier's grave.

The bramble wrestled with the weed
Upon the lowly mound;—
The simple head-board, rudely writ,
Had rotted to the ground;
I raised it with a reverent hand,
From dust its words to clear,
But time had blotted all but these—
"A Georgia Volunteer!"

I saw the toad and scaly snake
From tangled covert start,
And hide themselves among the weeds
Above the dead man's heart;
But undisturbed, in sleep profound,
Unheeding, there he lay;
His coffin but the mountain soil,
His shroud Confederate gray.

I heard the Shenandoah roll
Along the vale below,
I saw the Alleghanies rise
Towards the realms of snow.
The "Valley Campaign" rose to mind—
Its leader's name—and then
I knew the sleeper had been one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.

Yet whence he came, what lip shall say—
Whose tongue will ever tell
What desolated hearths and hearts
Have been because he fell?

What sad-eyed maiden braids her hair,
Her hair which he held dear?
One lock of which perchance lies with
The Georgia Volunteer!

What mother, with long watching eyes,
And white lips cold and dumb,
Waits with appalling patience for
Her darling boy to come?
Her boy! whose mountain grave swells up
But one of many a scar,
Cut on the face of our fair land,
By gory-handed war.

What fights he fought, what wounds he wore,
Are all unknown to fame;
Remember, on his lonely grave
There is not e'en a name!
That he fought well and bravely too,
And held his country dear,
We know, else he had never been
A Georgia Volunteer.

He sleeps—what need to question now
If he were wrong or right?
He knows, ere this, whose cause was just
In God the Father's sight.
He wields no warlike weapons now,
Returns no foeman's thrust—
Who but a coward would revile
An honest soldier's dust?

Roll, Shenandoah, proudly roll,
Adown thy rocky glen,
Above thee lies the grave of one
Of Stonewall Jackson's men.
Beneath the cedar and the pine,
In solitude austere,
Unknown, unnamed, forgotten, lies
A Georgia Volunteer.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

BY THEODORE O'HARA

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;

And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

MEMORIALS

On the Slain at Chickamauga

BY HERMAN MELVILLE

Happy are they and charmed in life
  Who through long wars arrive unscarred
At peace. To such the wreath be given,
If they unfalteringly have striven—
  In honor, as in limb, unmarred.
Let cheerful praise be rife,
  And let them live their years at ease,
Musing on brothers who victorious died—
  Loved mates whose memory shall ever please.

And yet mischance is honorable too—
  Seeming defeat in conflict justified,
Whose end to closing eyes is hid from view
The will, that never can relent—
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall memory come to dream upon it.

ELEGIAC

BY JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

O, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are
  contending!
Bright is the wreath of our fame; glory awaits us for
  aye,—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with light never ending,—
Glory that never shall fade, never, O never, away!

O, it is sweet for our country to die! How softly reposes
Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his love,
Wet by a mother's warm tears. They crown him with garlands of roses,
Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for country hath perished;
Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there with her smile;
There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished;
Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still, oblivious river;
Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue, rolling sea;
But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted forever;
There shall assemble the good, there the wise, valiant, and free.

O, then, how great for our country to die, in the front rank to perish,
Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout in our ear!

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our memory cherish;
We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the sweet music to hear.

VANQUISHED

BY FRANCIS FISHER BROWNE

I

Not by the ball or brand
Sped by a mortal hand,
Not by the lightning stroke
When fiery tempests broke,—
Not mid the ranks of War
Fell the great Conqueror.

II

Unmovèd, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade,—
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,
Steel nerve, iron form,—
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

III

While the Hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept,
Lightly to the slumberer came,
Touched his brow and breathed his name:
O'er the stricken form there passed
Suddenly an icy blast.

IV

The Hero woke, rose undismayed,
Saluted Death, and sheathed his blade.

V

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields;
No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great Soldier low:
Victor in his latest breath—
Vanquished but by Death.

THE NATION'S DEAD

ANONYMOUS

Four hundred thousand men
  The brave—the good—the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
  Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
    For me and you!
  Good friend, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,
  By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
  And died for me and you!

From western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood like the rain
A home—a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you!
Our brothers mustered by our side;
They marched, they fought, and bravely died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue—
'Mid surging smoke, the volley'd ball;
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
These noble men—the Nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

In treason's prison-hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!

The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due,
And to the Nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

A BALLAD OF HEROES

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

"Now all your victories are in vain."

Because you passed, and now are not—
Because in some remoter day
Your sacred dust in doubtful spot
Was blown of ancient airs away—
Because you perished—must men say
Your deeds were naught, and so profane
Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

Though it may be, above the plot
That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men forgot
The unregarding grasses sway;
Though there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless bird; though you remain
Without distinction of decay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

No, for while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulse's play,
And men forget the sordid lot—
The sordid cares—of cities gray;
While yet they grow for homelier fray
More strong from you, as reading plain
That Life may go, if Honor stay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

ENVOY

Heroes of old, I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

THE DEAD COMRADE[1]

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

At the Burial of Grant, a Bugler Stood Forth and Sounded "Taps"

Come, soldiers, arouse ye!
  Another has gone;
Let us bury our comrade,
  His battles are done.
His sun it is set;
  He was true, he was brave,
  He feared not the grave,
There is naught to regret.

Bring music and banners
  And wreaths for his bier,—
No fault of the fighter
  That Death conquered here.
Bring him home ne'er to rove,
  Bear him home to his rest,
  And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
  We leave him with Thee!
What was wrong, O forgive it;
  His spirit make free.

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Sound taps, and away!
Out light, and to bed!
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day.

THE VOLUNTEER

BY FRANK L. STANTON

The band was playing "Dixie" when he marched, marched away;
An' never any likelier lad stept time to it that day;
"The finest fellow of 'em all!" I heard the town-folk say.
The band was playin' "Dixie" as he marched, marched away.

How fast my wild arms held him,—my boy, who would not stay,—
The likeliest lad that answered to the captain's call that day!
"The finest fellow of 'em all!" An' in the red array
Of flags that rippled over them they marched my lad away!

But a mother's fears and prayers and tears were nothing. War must slay,
And the draped, deep drums were muffled as they brought him home that day!
"The finest fellow of 'em all!" I heard the town-folk say,
And his mother bendin' over him,—dead at her feet that day!

(Southern.)

THE SMALLEST OF THE DRUMS

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

When the opulence of summer unto wood and meadow comes,
And within the tangled graveyard riot old-time spice and bloom,
Then dear Nature brings her tribute to the "smallest of the drums,"
Spreads the sweetest of her blossoms on the little soldier's tomb.

In the quiet country village, still they tell you how he died;
And the story moves you strangely, more than other tales of war.
Thrice heroic seems the hero, if he be a child beside,
And the wound that tears his bosom is more sad than others far.

In the ranks of Sherman's army none so young and small as he,
With his face so soft and dimpled, and his innocent blue eyes.
Yet of all the Union drummers he could drum most skillfully,
With a spirit—said his colonel—fit to make the dead arise!

In the charge of Chickamauga (so, beside his little grave,
You may learn the hero's story of some villager, perchance),
When his regiment sank, broken, from the rampart, like a wave,
Thrice the clangor of his drum-beat rallied to a fresh advance.

There he stood upon the hillside, capless, with his shining hair
Blown about his childish forehead like the bright silk of the corn;
And the men looked up and saw him standing brave and scathless there,
As an angel on a hilltop, in the drifting mist of morn.

Thrice they rallied at his drum-beat,—then the tattered flag went down!
Someone caught it, waved it skyward for a moment, and then fell.
In the dust, the gore, and drabble, all the stars of freedom's crown,
And the soldiers beaten backward from the emblem loved so well!

Then our drummer-boy, our hero, from his neck the drum-cord flung
And amid the hail of bullets to the fallen banner sped.

Quick he raised it from dishonor; quick before them all he sprung,
And in fearless, proud defiance, waved the old flag o'er his head!

For a minute's space the cheering, louder than the singing balls,
And the soldiers pressing forward, closing up their broken line,
Then the child's bright head, death-stricken, on his throbbing bosom falls,
And the brave eyes that God lighted cease with life and soul to shine.

In the flag he saved they wrapped him; in that starry shroud he lies,
And the roses, and the lilacs, and the daisies seem to know;
For in all that peaceful acre, sleeping 'neath the summer skies,
There is neither mound nor tablet that is wreathed and guarded so!

THE VOLUNTEER

BY ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER

"At dawn," he said, "I bid them all farewell,
To go where bugles call and rifles gleam."
And with the restless thought asleep he fell,
And glided into dream.

A great hot plain from sea to mountain spread,—
Through it a level river slowly drawn;
He moved with a vast crowd, and at its head
Streamed banners like the dawn.

There came a blinding flash, a deafening roar,
And dissonant cries of triumph and dismay;
Blood trickled down the river's reedy shore,
And with the dead he lay.

The morn broke in upon his solemn dreams,
And still with steady pulse and deepening eye,
"Where bugles call," he said, "and rifles gleam.
I follow, though I die!"

Wise youth! By few is glory's wreath attained;
But death, or late or soon, awaiteth all,
To fight in Freedom's cause is something gained,—
And nothing lost to fall.

OUR HEROES

BY JOHN ALBION ANDREW

The heart swells with unwonted emotion when we remember our sons and brothers, whose constant valor has sustained on the field the cause of our country, of civilization, and liberty. On the ocean, on the rivers, on the land, on the heights where they thundered down from the clouds of Lookout Mountain the de-

fiance of the skies, they have graven with their swords a record imperishable.

The Muse herself demands the lapse of silent years to soften, by the influence of time, her too keen and poignant realization of the scenes of War,—the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. But during the ages to come she will brood over their memory. Into the hearts of her consecrated priests she will breathe the inspirations of lofty and undying beauty, sublimity, and truth, in all the glowing forms of speech, of literature, and plastic art. By the homely traditions of the fireside, by the headstones in the churchyard consecrated to those whose forms repose far off in rude graves, or sleep beneath the sea, embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations of parents and children, the heroic dead will live on in immortal youth.

The bell which rang out the Declaration of Independence has found at last a voice articulate, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." It has been heard across oceans, and has modified the sentiments of cabinets and kings. The people of the Old World have heard it, and their hearts stop to catch the last whisper of its echoes. The poor slave has heard it; and with bounding joy, tempered by the mystery of religion, he worships and adores. The waiting continent has heard it, and already foresees the fulfilled prophecy, when she will sit "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation."

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER[1]

BY WALT WHITMAN

Come up from the fields, father, here's a letter from
our Pete,
And come to the front door, mother, here's a letter
from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves flutter-
ing in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes
on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately
buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after
the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful and the
farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come, father, come at the
daughter's call,
And come to the entry, mother, to the front door come
right away.

[1] *By permission of the publisher, David McKay, Philadelphia.*

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.
Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd,)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul,)
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully
sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one
deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from
life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

THE DEATH OF GRANT

BY AMBROSE BIERCE

Father! whose hard and cruel law
Is part of thy compassion's plan,
Thy works presumptuously we scan
For what the prophets say they saw.

Unbidden still, the awful slope
Walling us in, we climb to gain
Assurance of the shining plain
That faith has certified to hope.

In vain: beyond the circling hill
The shadow and the cloud abide;
Subdue the doubt, our spirits guide
To trust the Record and be still;

To trust it loyally as he
Who, heedful of his high design,
Ne'er raised a seeking eye to thine,
But wrought thy will unconsciously,

Disputing not of chance or fate,
Nor questioning of cause or creed:
For anything but duty's deed
Too simply wise, too humbly great.

The cannon syllabled his name;
His shadow shifted o'er the land,
Portentous, as at his command
Successive cities sprang to flame!

He fringed the continent with fire,
The rivers ran in lines of light!
Thy will be done on earth—if right
Or wrong he cared not to inquire.

His was the heavy hand, and his
The service of the despot blade;
His the soft answer that allayed
War's giant animosities.

Let us have peace: our clouded eyes
Fill, Father, with another light,
That we may see with clearer sight
Thy servant's soul in Paradise.

THE BURIAL OF GRANT[1]

New York, August 8, 1885

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Ye living soldiers of the mighty war,
  Once more from roaring cannon and the drums
  And bugles blown at morn, the summons comes;
Forget the halting limb, each wound and scar;
    Once more your Captain calls to you;
    Come to his last review!

And come ye, too, bright spirits of the dead,
  Ye who went heavenward from the embattled field;
  And ye whose harder fate it was to yield
Life from the loathful prison or anguished bed:
    Dear ghosts! come join your comrades here
    Beside this sacred bier.

Nor be ye absent, ye immortal band,
  Warriors of ages past, and our own age,—
  Who drew the sword for right, and not in rage,
Made war that peace might live in all the land,
    Nor ever struck one vengeful blow,
    But helped the fallen foe.

And fail not ye—but, ah, ye falter not—
  To join his army of the dead and living,
  Ye who once felt his might, and his forgiving:

[1] *By permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

Brothers, whom more in love than hate he smote.
For all his countrymen make room
By our great hero's tomb!

Come soldiers,—not to battle as of yore,
But come to weep; ay, shed your noblest tears;
For lo, the stubborn chief, who knew not fears,
Lies cold at last, ye shall not see him more.
How long grim Death he fought and well,
That, poor, lean frame doth tell.

All's over now; here let our Captain rest,
Silent amid the blare of praise and blame;
Here let him rest, alone with his great fame,—
Here in the city's heart he loved the best,
And where our sons his tomb may see
To make them brave as he:—

As brave as he—he on whose iron arm
Our Greatest leaned, our gentlest and most wise,—
Leaned when all other help seemed mocking lies,
While this one soldier checked the tide of harm,
And they together saved the State,
And made it free and great.

THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS

BY JAMES GATES PERCIVAL

Here rest the great and good,—here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year

Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gather them again, as winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulcher,—green sods
Are all their monument; and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demi-gods of old.
Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over the lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
Where first our patriots sent the invader back,
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature; and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,

While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshiping nothing but our own pure hearts
And the one universal Lord. They need
No column pointing to the heaven they sought
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purposes, hastens there,
And there alone reposes. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shades o'er their graves,
And build with their green roof the only fane,
Where we may gather on the hallowed day,
That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
Here let us meet; and while our motionless lips
Give not a sound, and all around is mute
In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
For words or tears,—here let us strew the sod
With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
An offering of the plenty Nature gives,
And they have rendered ours,—perpetually.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN![1]

BY WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

[1] *By permission of the publisher, David McKay, Philadelphia.*

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

V

REUNITED

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;

Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;

They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

NORTH TO THE SOUTH

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

Land of the South, whose stricken heart and brow
Bring grief to eyes that erewhile only knew
For their own loss to sorrow,—spurn not thou
These tribute tears,—ah, we have suffered too.

New Orleans, 1885.

DEATH THE PEACEMAKER

The Blue and the Gray

BY ELLEN H. FLAGG

A waste of land, a sodden plain,
A lurid sunset sky,
With clouds that fled and faded fast
In ghastly phantasy;

A field upturned by trampling feet,
  A field up-piled with slain,
With horse and rider blent in death
  Upon the battle-plain.

Two soldiers, lying as they fell
  Upon the reddened clay,
In daytime, foes; at night, in peace,
  Breathing their lives away.
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast;
  Fate only made them foes;
And lying, dying, side by side,
  A softened feeling rose.

"Our time is short," one faint voice said.
  "To-day we've done our best
On different sides. What matters now?
  To-morrow we're at rest.
Life lies behind. I might not care
  For only my own sake;
But far away are other hearts
  That this day's work will break.

"Among New Hampshire's snowy hills
  There pray for me, to-night,
A woman, and a little girl,
  With hair like golden light."
And at the thought broke forth, at last
  The cry of anguish wild
That would no longer be repressed—
  "O God! my wife and child!"

" And," said the other dying man,
" Across the Georgia plain
There watch and wait for me loved ones
I'll never see again.
A little girl with dark bright eyes
Each day waits at the door;
The father's step, the father's kiss,
Will never meet her more.

" To-day we sought each other's lives;
Death levels all that now,
For soon before God's mercy-seat
Together shall we bow.
Forgive each other while we may;
Life's but a weary game;
And right or wrong, the morning sun
Will find us dead the same."

The dying lips the pardon breathe,
The dying hands entwine;
The last ray dies, and over all
The stars from heaven shine;
And the little girl with golden hair,
And one with dark eyes bright,
On Hampshire's hills and Georgia plain,
Were fatherless that night.

GETTYSBURG: A MECCA FOR THE BLUE AND GRAY

From an Address by General John B. Gordon, Governor of Georgia, July 3, 1888

Of all the martial virtues, the one which is perhaps most characteristic of the truly brave is the virtue of magnanimity. That sentiment, immortalized by Scott in his musical and martial verse, will associate for all time the name of Scotland's king with those of the great spirits of the past. How grand the exhibitions of the same generous impulses that characterize this memorable battlefield! My fellow-countrymen of the North, if I may be permitted to speak for those whom I represent, let me assure you that in the profoundest depths of their nature, they reciprocate that generosity with all the manliness and sincerity of which they are capable. In token of that sincerity they join in consecrating, for annual patriotic pilgrimage, these historic heights, which drank such copious draughts of American blood, poured so freely in discharge of duty, as each conceived it,—a Mecca for the North, which so grandly defended, a Mecca for the South, which so bravely and persistently stormed it. We join you in setting apart this land as an enduring monument of peace, brotherhood, and perpetual union. I repeat the thought with emphasis, with singleness of heart and of purpose, in the name of a common country, and of universal liberty; and by the blood of our fallen brothers, we unite in the solemn consecration

of these hallowed hills, as a holy, eternal pledge of fidelity to the life, freedom, and unity of this cherished Republic.

OVER THEIR GRAVES

BY HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

Over their graves rang once the bugle's call,
The searching shrapnel and the crashing ball;
  The shriek, the shock of battle, and the neigh
  Of horse; the cries of anguish and dismay;
And the loud cannon's thunders that appall.

Now through the years the brown pine-needles fall,
The vines run riot by the old stone wall,
  By hedge, by meadow streamlet, far away,
    Over their graves.

We love our dead where'er so held in thrall.
Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul—
  A love that's deathless!—but they look to-day
  With no reproaches on us when we say,
"Come, let us clasp your hands, we're brothers all,
    Over their graves!"

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

ANONYMOUS

Each thin hand resting on a grave,
  Her lips apart in prayer,
A mother knelt, and left her tears
  Upon the violets there.
O'er many a rood of vale and lawn,
  Of hill and forest gloom,
The reaper Death had reveled in
  His fearful harvest home.
The last unquiet summer shone
  Upon a fruitless fray;
From yonder forest charged the blue—
  Down yonder slope the gray.

The hush of death was on the scene,
  And sunset o'er the dead,
In that oppressive stillness,
  A pall of glory spread.
I know not, dare not question how
  I met the ghastly glare
Of each upturned and stirless face
  That shrunk and whitened there.
I knew my noble boys had stood
  Through all that withering day,
I knew that Willie wore the blue,
  That Harry wore the gray.

I thought of Willie's clear blue eye,
  His wavy hair of gold,

That clustered on a fearless brow
  Of purest Saxon mold;
Of Harry, with his raven locks
  And eagle glance of pride;
Of how they clasped each other's hand
  And left their mother's side;
How hand in hand they bore my prayers
  And blessings on the way—
A noble heart beneath the blue,
  Another 'neath the gray.

The dead, with white and folded hands,
  That hushed our village homes,
I've seen laid calmly, tenderly,
  Within their darkened rooms;
But there I saw distorted limbs,
  And many an eye aglare,
In the soft purple twilight of
  The thunder-smitten air.
Along the slope and on the sward
  In ghastly ranks they lay,
And there was blood upon the blue
  And blood upon the gray.

I looked and saw his blood, and his;
  A swift and vivid dream
Of blended years flashed o'er me, when,
  Like some cold shadow, came
A blindness of the eye and brain—
  The same that seizes one
When men are smitten suddenly
  Who overstare the sun;

And while, blurred with the sudden stroke
That swept my soul, I lay,
They buried Willie in his blue,
And Harry in his gray.

The shadows fall upon their graves;
They fall upon my heart;
And through the twilight of this soul
Like dews the tears will start;
The starlight comes so silently
And lingers where they rest;
So hope's revealing starlight sinks
And shines within my breast.
They ask not there, where yonder heaven
Smiles with eternal day,
Why Willie wore the loyal blue,
Why Harry wore the gray.

A PATRIOTIC MESSAGE FOR MEMORIAL DAY

BY GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

The broad, deep Americanism which pulses through the great heart of the Republic to-day will grow broader and deeper with the passing years. I am thankful that I have lived to see this noble result of the war springing into vast and virile life. The passions of the titanic struggle will finally enter upon the

sleep of oblivion, and only its splendid accomplishments for the cause of human freedom and a united nation, stronger and richer in patriotism because of the great strife, will be remembered.

REUNITED

BY F. L. STANTON

I've been thinkin' of it over, an' it 'pears to me to-day
The war's the biggest blessin' that has ever come our way;
Course, thar'll be some fightin', an' a few more graves'll be
Whar the daisies in the medder look their purtiest at me,—

For that's to be expected; but—the thing that makes me feel
That the war's a heavenly blessin' is the wounds that it'll heal!
The old wounds that's been ranklin' sence the day that Gin'rul Lee
Said we'd rest an' think it over by that old-time apple-tree!

I see the boys that fit us in the Union coats of blue
On the same groun',—hale an' hearty, an' a-shakin' howdy-do!

An' I hear the ban' play "Dixie," an' I see 'em march away,
Till I can't tell whar the blue is, an' I'm mixed up on the gray!

The old war tunes air ringin', an' "Dixie's" on the rise;
But "Yankee Doodle" follers 'fore it's half-way to the skies!
An' the old "Star Spangled Banner" is in ever' steeple's chime,
An' I tell you, we're a-having of a hallelujah time!

I'm glad I've lived to see it; I'm glad the time is come
When, North an' South, we answer to the roll-call of the drum!
When thar ain't no line divides us, but North an' South we stan'
For jest one common country,—one freedom-lovin' lan'!

That's whar the war's a blessin', that's whar 'pears like I see
A brighter mornin' breakin' on the hills for you an' me!
It's shoulder now to shoulder,—thar ain't no blue or gray,—
An' we're shoutin' "Hallelujah," an' we're happy on the way!

HIS NEW SUIT

BY S. E. KISER

I remember well the way
She looked up at me that day
When I first put on the gray,
  And said good-by, back there in sixty-three.
She and I were sweethearts then,
And I hear her voice again,
  As she nestled up to me,
Saying, in her gentle way:
"Ah, how brave you look in gray,
And how tall and handsome, too,—
Gray's the color, dear, for you!"

There's a ragged suit of gray
She has long had laid away,—
  There are memories that cling around it, too;
But the years have come and gone,
And at present I have on
  A suit of Uncle Sam's beloved blue.

When she saw me yesterday,
She wiped a tear away
For the memory of the gray,—
  That dear, old, ragged suit of sixty-three.
And she sweetly spoke again,—
Spoke more fervently than then,—
  As she nestled up to me,

Saying, in her gentle way:
"Ah, how brave you looked in gray!
But you're braver still in blue,—
Blue's the color, dear, for you!"

ENLISTED

The Old Soldier Speaks

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL

I fought under Lee and Stonewall,
And I hated a Yankee like sin,
But gimme my uniform, sergeant,
I'm going to fight ag'in.

I took out my old gray clothes last night,
I thought of the day they was new,
And I looked at the holes in the left-hand sleeve
Where a minie ball went through.

And I heard the band play "Dixie,"—
By God! I heard every note,—
And I thought of Manassas and Shiloh,
And a lump came up in my throat.

And I said, "Go back to that old oak chest,
There ain't no more service for you;
I'm goin' to fight on the side that's right,
And I'm going to wear the blue!"

There's just one thought in every heart,
  One word in every mouth;
For things is all so twisted around
  That there ain't no North nor South.

I never thought it would come to this;
  It's strange, but I reckon it's true;
For it's jest one country and jest one flag,
  And we're all a-wearin' the blue!

AGAIN BRETHREN AND EQUALS

BY JAMES WILLIS PATTERSON

The true grandeur of passing historic events is not seen till the noise and obstruction of the factitious and perishable are forgotten. So the relative importance of our late war is not yet realized. Forts and trenches have been obliterated; harvests wave on its battlefields, and the grass is green above the ashes of its victims. The prejudices and passions kindled by the strife have been laid, and we now contemplate, with serene and undistempered vision, the causes and nature of the sanguinary conflict. We do not forget its burdens; but we remember its compensations. The supremacy of the federal government, within the limitations of the fundamental law, is the only secure and stable foundation of the Union, and it must be maintained without compromise, in peace as in war.

The sons of the South are a noble stock. We re-

spect the honesty of their convictions, and honor the virility with which they defended them. We would seek the cordial and conciliatory course of kindred, and would let the "dead past bury its dead." When the pride of exploded opinions, and the old war-cries of party, shall have been silenced in the graves of ante-bellum politicians, the new generation will recognize and maintain that sovereignty of the Union which is essential to the development and defense of the highest welfare of all sections. The foreshadowed destiny of the Nation can only be imperiled by the loss of popular intelligence and morality. Common influences and interests will assimilate our whole population in habits and feeling, and they will come to cherish the same objects of pride and aspiration. This will be the future cement of the State, and the source of its united strength and glory. The day is not far distant when the South, equally with the North, will perceive that they builded better than they knew.

As an exhibition of physical prowess, the contention was magnificent! Both armies fought, for their convictions, with a relentlessness of valor unsurpassed. The campaigns of the war, and the subsequent financial achievements, have revealed to the world a strength and integrity worthy of the ancient mold of men. The blood of the North and the South has mingled in a conflict of political principles. May it nourish no root of bitterness; but may there henceforth be a union of affections and labors to advance and perpetuate the dignity and grandeur of a common country. I protest, in the name of the dead and the peace of posterity, that the issues adjudicated

in honorable warfare shall not be raised again, like inquiet ghosts, into the arena of politics, to disturb the peace and prosperity of the Nation. We honor the valor and manliness of the South, and will respect her rights. We demand the same, and no more. On that platform we can stand together, and against the world. The substantial interests of both sections are one; and henceforth their union shall be one and inseparable. In the fraternal emulations of business and the healthful rivalries of honorable politics, we must labor for the purity, power, and glory of the Republic. The old hearthstone is broad enough for all, and our household gods are worthy of our worship. We feel a special tenderness for our native State; but there is a profounder love and a more comprehensive patriotism than this, that throbs in the heart of every loyal American. The State is but a unit of that organic and august whole, our Country; in whose destiny are involved the welfare and power of each member. The bright examples and splendid achievements of the Nation must remain ours to emulate. "The whole land is the sepulcher of illustrous men," and their hallowed dust, not less than their works, and their fame, are the common treasure of all.

The beacons which we kindle will fade, and the chiseled rock will crumble; but the intellectual and moral life evolved by the freedom of the State will transmit the lineaments of the national spirit, in imperishable forms of thought. When the sculptured marbles, the gorgeous temples, and the noblest monuments which a proud and grateful country can raise shall have completed their short-lived immortality,

these will still survive,—the inextinguishable lights of a Christian Commonwealth.

THE EAGLE'S SONG

BY RICHARD MANSFIELD

The lioness whelped, and the sturdy cub
Was seized by an eagle, and carried up,
And homed for awhile in an eagle's nest,
And slept for a while on an eagle's breast;
And the eagle taught it the eagle's song:
"To be stanch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"

The lion whelp sprang from the eyrie nest,
From the lofty crag where the queen birds rest;
He fought the King on the spreading plain,
And drove him back o'er the foaming main.
He held the land as a thrifty chief,
And reared his cattle, and reaped his sheaf,
Nor sought the help of a foreign hand,
Yet welcomed all to his own free land!

Two were the sons that the country bore
To the Northern lakes and the Southern shore;
And Chivalry dwelt with the Southern son,
And Industry lived with the Northern one.
Tears for the time when they broke and fought!
Tears was the price of the union wrought!
And the land was red in a sea of blood,
Where brother for brother had swelled the flood!

And now that the two are one again,
Behold on their shield the word "Refrain!"
And the lion cubs twain sing the eagle's song:
"To be stanch, and valiant, and free, and strong!"
For the eagle's beak, and the lion's paw,
And the lion's fangs, and the eagle's claw,
And the eagle's swoop, and the lion's might,
And the lion's leap, and the eagle's sight,
Shall guard the flag with the word "Refrain!"
Now that the two are one again!

THEM YANKEE BLANKITS

BY W. SMALL

Yes, John, I was down thar at Memphis,
A-workin' around at the boats,
A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis,
An' a-loadin' her onto the floats.
I was comin' away from Ole Texas,
Whar I went, you know, arter the wah—
'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
But wait till I git ter long taw.

Well, while I was down thar the fever,
As yaller an' pizen as sin,
Broke out; an' ef you'll believe her,
Wharever she hit she struck in!
It didn't take long in the hatchin',
It jes' fa'rly bred in the air,
Till a hosspitel camp warn't a patchin'
An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteer'd then with the Howards,—
  I thought thet my duty was clear,—
An' I didn't look back'ards, but for'ards,
  An' went ter my work 'ithout fear.
One day, howsomever, she got me
  As quick as the shot of a gun,
An' they toted me off ter allot me
  A bunk till my life-race was run.

The doctor and nurses they wrestled,
  But it didn't do me any good;
An' the drugger he poundid an' pestled,
  But he didn't get up the right food.
"No blankits ner ice in the city!"—
  I hear'd 'em say that from my bed,—
An' some cried, "O God! who'll take pity
  On the dyin' that soon 'ill be dead?"

Next day, howsomever, the doctor
  Come in with a smile on his brow,
"Old boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked her,"
  Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"
Fer, yer see, John, them folks ter the Nor'ward
  Hed hear'd us afore we call'd twice,
An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
  Of them much needed blankits an' ice!

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
  Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the wah,
An' agin' reconstrucktin' was stolid,
  Not kearin' fer Kongriss ner law;

But, John, I got under that kiver,
That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
An' it sav'd me frum fordin' "the river,"
An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks!

I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
Old Rebels an' Yanks thet is warm;
It's er brotherly love thet'll speak in us,
An' fetch us together in storm:
We may snarl about "niggers an' francheese,"
But whenever thar's sufferin' afoot,
The two trees'll unite in the branches
The same as they do at the root!

THE WARSHIP "DIXIE"

BY FRANK L. STANTON

They've named a cruiser "Dixie,"—that's whut the papers say,—
An' I hears they're goin' to man her with the boys that wore the gray;
Good news! It sorter thrills me, an' makes me want ter be
Whar the ban' is playin' "Dixie," an' the *Dixie* puts ter sea!

They've named a cruiser "Dixie." An', fellers, I'll be boun'
You're goin' ter see some fightin' when the *Dixie* swings aroun'!

Ef any o' them Spanish ships shall strike her, East or West,
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie," an' the boys'll do the rest!

I want to see that *Dixie*,—I want ter take my stan'
On the deck of her and holler: "Three cheers fer Dixie lan'!"
She means we're all united,—the war hurts healed away,
An' "'Way Down South in Dixie" is national to-day!

I bet you she's a good 'un! I'll stake my last red cent
Thar ain't no better timber in the whole blame settlement!
An' all their shiny battleships beside that ship air tame,
Fer, when it comes to "Dixie," thar's somethin' in a name!

Here's three cheers an' a tiger,—as hearty as kin be;
An' let the ban' play "Dixie" when the *Dixie* puts ter sea!
She'll make her way an' win the day from shinin' East to West—
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie," an' the boys'll do the rest.

CHICKAMAUGA

BY G. T. FERRIS

1863

From shuddering trees and painted leaves
  Strew redder dyes of crimson sod;
And brave men lie in ghastly sheaves,
  As whirled there by the wrath of God.
Gray vapors hum with wings of death,
  Whose roll-call speeds its fierce alarms;
And life sighs, "Here!" with parting breath,
  Where bleeding thousands ground their arms.
For brothers face each other's steel,
Grim suitors in the last appeal.

1898

From laughing leas the bugles sing,
  More shrill than bird to nesting mate;
O'er tented slopes the war notes ring,
  And time again the tramp of fate.
Bright oriflamme of liberty,
  Our bannered blazon flaunts the sky,
And hails the "sun-burst" in the sea,
  A gallant people's anguished cry.
Now, brothers, touch in common weal
To right that foreign wrong with steel.

CHICKAMAUGA—1898

From *Baltimore News*

They are camped on Chickamauga!
  Once again the white tents gleam
On that field where vanished heroes
  Sleep the sleep that knows no dream.
There are shadows all about them
  Of the ghostly troops to-day,
But they light the common camp-fire,—
  Those who wore the blue and gray.

Where the pines of Georgia tower,
  Where the mountains kiss the sky,
On their arms the Nation's warriors
  Wait to hear the battle-cry,
Wait together, friends and brothers,
  And the heroes 'neath their feet
Sleep the long and dreamless slumber
  Where the flowers are blooming sweet.

Sentries, pause, yon shadow challenge!
  Rock-ribbed Thomas goes that way,—
He who fought the foe unyielding
  In that awful battle fray.
Yonder pass the shades of heroes,
  And they follow where Bragg leads
Through the meadows and the river,—
  But no ghost the sentry heeds.

Field of fame, a patriot army
  Treads thy sacred sod to-day!
And they'll face a common foeman,
  Those who wore the blue and gray,
And they'll fight for common country,
  And they'll charge to victory
'Neath the folds of one brave banner,—
  Starry banner of the free!

They are camped off Chickamauga,
  Where the green tents of the dead
Turn the soil into a glory
  Where a Nation's heart once bled;
But they're clasping hands together
  On this storied field of strife,—
Brothers brave who meet to battle
  In the freedom-war of life!

ALL UNDER THE SAME BANNER NOW

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN ROSS

From Address Delivered July 4, 1887, at Austin, Tex., Before the Surviving Veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade

But few of you are here to-day. The great majority of your old comrades fill unknown graves, with naught to mark their silent resting-places; but their names are embalmed in as many loving hearts as ever entwined

around living, or lingered around the graves of deceased, patriots. And to-day, as our memory recalls face after face of this vast spectral army, of those who have preceded us in the line of march to the silent shores, we shed the tear of affectionate remembrance, as echo gives praises to their memory and honor to their dust. Throughout the broad area of the world there never was a field more rich in facts which constitute the fiber of an earnest, active patriotism, than that found in the Southern struggle. And the lofty admiration in which your manhood, valor, and endurance, as well as the sublime resignation with which you accepted disappointment after great hopes and greater efforts, are held all over the world, shows how much the world yet values true and brave men, who could shake off troubles as great as these were, and by heroic efforts, in a time of peace, make them, to an impoverished country, but as flaxen withes bound around a slumbering giant. What wonder the world has stood amazed at the persistent vitality of our people? for, under your admirable conduct, every barrier to the flow of capital, or check to the development of our unbounded resources, was removed.

We see here to-day a free and independent mingling of men from every section of our broad domain, all prejudices of the past forgotten; and while our State has been fortunate in acquiring thousands of those who fought against us, and who are an honor both to the States which gave them birth, and ours which they have made their home, it matters not whence they come; they can exult in the reflection that our Country is the same, and they find floating here the same ban-

ner that waved above them there, with its broad folds unrent, and its bright stars unobscured; and in its defense, if needs be, the swords of those old Confederates, so recently sheathed, would leap forth with equal alacrity with those of the North.

No nobler emotion can fill the breast of any man than that which prompts him to utter honest praise of an adversary whose convictions and opinions are at war with his own; and where is there a Confederate soldier in our land who has not felt a thrill of generous admiration and applause for the pre-eminent heroism of the gallant Federal admiral, who lashed himself to the mainmast, while the tattered sails and frayed cordage of his vessel were being shot away by piecemeal, above his head, and slowly but surely picked his way through sunken reefs of torpedoes, whose destructive powers consigned many of his luckless comrades to watery graves? The fame of such men as Farragut, Stanley, Hood, and Lee, and the hundreds of private soldiers who were the true heroes of the war, belongs to no time or section, but is the common property of mankind. They were all cast in the same grand mold of self-sacrificing patriotism, and I intend to teach my children to revere their names as long as the love of country is respected as a noble sentiment in the human breast.

It is a remarkable fact that those who bore the brunt of the battle were the first to forget old animosities and consign to oblivion obsolete issues. They saw that nothing but sorrow and shame, and the loss of the respect of the world, was to be gained by perpetuating the bitterness of past strife; and, impelled by

a spirit of patriotism, they were willing, by all possible methods, to create and give utterance to a public sentiment which would best conserve our common institutions and restore that fraternal concord in which the war of the Revolution left us, and the Federal Constitution found us. And I emphasize the declaration that, in most instances, those whose hatred has remained implacable, through all these years of peace, are men who held high carnival in the rear, and, after all danger had passed, emerged from their hiding-places, filled with ferocious zeal and courage, blind to every principle of wise statesmanship, to make amends for lack of deeds of valor by pressing to their lips the sweet cup of revenge, for whose intoxicating contents our country has already paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen.

ONE BENEATH OLD GLORY

ANONYMOUS

Don't you hear the tramp of soldiers?
  Don't you hear the bugles play?
Don't you see the muskets flashing
  In the sunlight far away?
Don't you feel the ground all trembling
  'Neath the tread of many feet?
They are coming, tens of thousands,
  To the army and the fleet.

They are Yankees, they are Johnnies,
They're for North and South no more;
They are one, and glad to follow
When Old Glory goes before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They are gath'ring 'round Old Glory,
And they're marching to the war.

Don't you see the harbors guarded
By those bristling dogs of war?
Don't you hear them growling, barking,
At the fleet beyond the bar?
Don't you hear the Jack Tars cheering,
Brave as sailor lads can be?
Don't you see the water boiling
Where the squadron put to sea?

They are Yankees, they are Johnnies,
They're for North and South no more;
They are one, and glad to follow
When Old Glory goes before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They have gathered 'round Old Glory,
And they're sailing to the war.

Don't you hear the horses prancing?
Don't you hear the sabers clash?
Don't you hear the cannons roaring?
Don't you hear the muskets crash?

Don't you smell the smoke of battle?
Oh, you'll wish that you had gone,
When you hear the shouts and cheering
For the boys who whipped the Don!

There'll be Yankees, there'll be Johnnies,
There'll be North and South no more,
When the boys come marching homeward
With Old Glory borne before.
From Atlantic to Pacific,
From the Pine Tree to Lone Star,
They'll be one beneath Old Glory
After coming from the war.

AMERICA SURVIVES THE ORDEAL OF CONFLICTING SYSTEMS

BY HENRY B. CARRINGTON

On the fourth of July, 1888, the battlefield of Gettysburg was made memorial of the prediction uttered by President Lincoln at its dedication as a national cemetery in 1864, that "The nation shall, under God, have a new birth of power"; and that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The contest of 1861-65 removed from the national life that serious element of danger which the fathers left for their posterity to settle. The rights of all sections rested upon one charter. The moral law of

abstract right did not harmonize with the possessory rights of a well-accepted legal status, and only a charity and wisdom more than human could bring a full accord without the crucial test of arms. The more powerful North bent its vast energies of numbers and wealth to preserve the Union of the States. The South, inferior in numbers and resources, affirmed with equal spirit its right of withdrawal, unless the legal tolerations of the Constitution should have their fullest effect. The issue joined, satisfied all interests, after marvelous sacrifice; and the Union is clothed with fresh strength and more permanent beauty. Already a sense of relief from the estrangement of brethren which harassed the original colonies, and worried the nation to the verge of ruin, inspires poets and orators with enlarged faith in the national future. Already the republic, purified by fire and by blood, looks backward, to honor with fresh enthusiasm each recurring anniversary of the nation's birth, and then, in the glory of a second birth, turns forward, to concentrate its vision as through the perspective glass of Bunyan, upon the development of an "indestructible Union of indestructible States."

The ordeal of arms came to an end! The lingering ordeal of cooling passion has entered upon a fraternal solution. Impartial history softens the hardness of old-time antagonisms, and magnifies the patriotism of a people which can conquer self to bless the many. Mr. Curtis, the orator of Gettysburg, only voiced the sentiment of all "good-willing men on earth" as he said, "If there be joy in heaven this day, it is in the heart of Abraham Lincoln as he looks down upon the

field of Gettysburg." To General Gordon, the very ground seemed holy, as if the union of the Blue and the Gray, in dust, only typified a spiritual union above, and their benediction on the survivors who gain a more enduring fellowship through their mingled blood. "No conflict now!" was the breathing of General Devens when he welcomed the visiting soldiers of the South at the Bunker Hill celebration in Charlestown, Massachusetts, June 17, 1875. "The moral sentiment of the nineteenth century has ended slavery!" was the great utterance of Justice Lamar, as he unveiled the statue of John C. Calhoun, at Charleston, South Carolina, April 26, 1888. The heart-longing of Alexander H. Stephens as he watched the unveiling of Carpenter's picture of the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, "Separate as billows, but one as the sea!" finds responsive prayer in every loyal American soul. "Again brethren and equals!" rings out, in the voice of ex-Senator Patterson, while he assists to dedicate a monument to the sons of New Hampshire who fell in the great contest. "Under the same banner now, its folds unrent, and its bright stars unobscured," is the sentiment through which Governor Ross, of Texas, calls upon the veterans of Hood's Texas Brigade, July 4, 1887, to welcome their brethren of the North into a full identity of interest, State and nation. "Let us rejoice together!" is the jubilant refrain of General George A. Sheridan in his apotheosis to "Immortal Heroes," when, with outstretched arm, he swings out the banner of our love, that all shall see in its clustered constellation the full roster of all the planets present.

Oliver Perry Morton, in his last speech made in his own State, Indiana, on Decoration Day, 1877, thus spoke:

We will let by-gones be by-gones. We cannot forget the past, we ought not to forget it. True reconciliation does not require us to forget these dead, does not require us to forget the living soldier, and to cease to do him justice. We say to those who were on the other side of that great contest, that while we shall forever cherish the lessons that were taught us by that great struggle, all we ask of them is, that they shall hereafter stand upon these principles: the great doctrine of equal liberty, and of equal rights to all, and equal protection to all, and, let us go forward, hand in hand, and as Americans and brethren, through all the future pages of our country's history.

In like spirit, William H. Fleming, on a Memorial Day, at Augusta, Georgia, April 28, 1885, thus spoke:

Without abating one jot or tittle of loyal devotion to the memory of our Confederate dead, we can here, in the presence of their graves, turn our eye to heaven and exclaim, Thank God! slavery, that material curse and moral incubus, has been lifted from our sky! Yes! even though it could spend its fury only in the lightning and thunder of war. No State will ever again resort to secession from the Union, as a remedy for wrongs present or prospective. Mr. Webster's prayer is answered; for the sun will never again shine upon "the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; upon States discordant, dissevered, belligerent." The motto upon the ensign of the republic, now full high and advanced, is, by universal consent, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The dream of the Massachusetts poet, Duganne, had its marvelous realization; but the soldiers and states-

men of all sections now sympathize with all bereaved ones, and recognize the valor of all who passed under the flail of discipline which his enthusiasm invoked.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

BY WILL HENRY THOMPSON

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs,—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost

Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue
  And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
  Slumber our heroes to-day.

Over the new-turned sod
  The sons of our fathers stand,
And the fierce old fight
Slips out of sight
  In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
  That the new has washed away,
And the sons of those
That have faced as foes
  Are marching together to-day.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
  Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red,
And the tears they shed,
  Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
  And the lilies we twined for the gray,

We have bound in a wreath,
And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes to-day.

MEMORIAL DAY 1889

BY SAMUEL ELLSWORTH KISER

I

Twine laurels to lay o'er the Blue and the Gray, spread
wreaths where our heroes rest;
Let the song of the North echo back from the South
for the love that is truest and best!
Twin wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our
Lee, one anthem for Jackson and Meade.
And the flag above you is the banner for me—one peo-
ple in name and in deed!

II

Clasp hands o'er the graves where our laureled ones lie
—clasp hands o'er the Gray and the Blue;
To-day we are brothers and bound by a tie that the
years shall but serve to renew;
By the side of the Northman who peacefully sleeps
where tropical odors are shed,
A son of the South his companionship keeps—one flag
o'er the two heroes spread.

III

Weave tokens of love for the heroes in blue, weave
wreaths for the heroes in gray;
Clasp brotherly hands o'er the graves that are new—
for the love that is ours to-day;
A trinity given to bless, to unite—three glorious rec-
ords to keep,
And a kinship that never a grievance shall sever re-
newed where the brave are asleep!

IV

Spread flowers to-day o'er the Blue and the Gray—
spread wreaths where our heroes rest;
Let the song of the North echo back from the South
for the love that is truest and best!
Twin wreaths for the tombs of our Grant and our Lee,
one hymn for your father and mine!
Oh, the flag you adore is the banner for me, and its
folds our dead brothers entwine.

LET US REJOICE TOGETHER

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SHERIDAN

More than twenty years have passed since the last great battle in our civil contest was fought. The mighty armies of the nation have long since folded their torn banners, stacked their muskets, and doffed their uniforms. The bugles that of old sounded the

charge, and the drums that beat to battle, are now silent. The blades that flashed, and the bayonets that gleamed above their surging columns, no longer catch the sunlight. Grass grows in the fields whereon they struggled, and the rustle of ripened grain is heard where, but a while ago, the ring of steel made music that set men's blood aflame.

What was our war? How should it be looked upon? It was not the result of men's ambition, North or South. It was not a contest for territory. It could not have been prevented, although it might have been postponed, by the action of any political party. Our war was simply fighting out, upon a new field, and under more enlightened auspices, a contest that had been waged for centuries among the people from whose loins we sprung. It was the clash of two civilizations, so antagonistic in their conceptions, so antipodal in their means and methods of development, as to make impossible harmony of action, or peaceful growth side by side. The North and South were in direct opposition as to the best methods of governing and perpetuating the heritage left them by their fathers. Their conceptions were so radically different, that peaceful measures could not adjust or reconcile them. One or the other must yield.

War came! The land that had known but peace echoed to the tread of armed men! Up from the land of the orange and the myrtle came mighty hosts, harnessed for conflict, chanting songs of battle, eager for the fight, sweeping with as fiery courage and as dauntless bearing to the onset as of old the men from out whose loins they sprung charged Saracenic hosts, or

closed in deadly grapple with the knightly sons of France. From the land of the fir and the pine, down from its mountains and out from its valleys, glittering with steel, and bright with countless banners, steady and strong, the men of the North marched to the conflict.

A hush as of death filled the land, as the mighty hosts confronted each other. An instant,—and the heavens seemed rent asunder, and the solid globe to reel. North and South had met in the shock of war! Blood deluged the land; the ear of pity deaf; the springs of love dried up; the throb of mighty guns; the gleam of myriad blades; the savage shouts of men grappling each other in relentless clutch; Death, pale, pitiless, tireless, thrusting his awful sickle into harvest fields, where the grain was human life; bells from every steeple in the land tolling out their solemn notes of sorrow for the slain; fathers, mothers, wives, and little ones smiting their palms in agony together, as they looked upon the features of their loved ones marbled in the eternal sleep!

For four long bitter years the mighty tide of war rolled through the land, engulfing in its crimson flood the best and bravest of the North and South, bearing their souls outwards, with resistless sweep, to that dread sea whose shores, to human eyes, are viewless, whose somber waves are ever chanting solemn requiems for the dead! In this wild storm of war the banners of the South went down. The bells of liberty through all the land rang out a joyous peal of welcome, and guns from fortress, field, and citadel thundered greeting to the hour that proclaimed America one and in-

divisible. From southern gulf to northern lakes, from northern lakes to Atlantic and Pacific coasts, we were ONE. The Mississippi flowed not along the borders of a dozen empires; the blue waters fo the lakes beat not upon the shores of rival governments; the mountains of the land frowned not down upon hostile territories; the ocean bore not upon its bosom the fleets of contending States; but over all the land a single flag threw out its folds, symbol of victory, index of a reunited people.

We recall the glories and the triumphs of the Union, not for the purpose of humiliating the gallant souls that battled against us. In the providence of God, the struggle they made to rend us asunder has but strengthened the bonds of our union. Those who fought against us are now of us, and enjoy the countless blessings that have come from the triumph of the Union, and with us they should bow their heads and reverently acknowledge that above all the desires of men move the majestic laws of God, evolving, alike from victory or defeat of nations, substantial good for all His children.

VI

SELECTIONS

THE BRIGADE COMMANDER

BY J. W. DE FORREST

The Colonel was the idol of his bragging old regiment and of the bragging brigade which for the last six months he had commanded.

He was the idol, not because he was good and gracious, not because he spared his soldiers or treated them as fellow-citizens, but because he had led them to victory and made them famous. If a man will win battles and give his brigade a right to brag loudly of its doings, he may have its admiration, and even its enthusiastic devotion, though he be as pitiless and as wicked as Lucifer.

"It's nothin' to me what the Currnell is in prrivit, so long as he shows us how to whack the rrebs," said Major Gahogan, commandant of the "Old Tenth." "Moses saw God in the burrnin' bussh, an' bowed down to it, an' worrshipt it. It wasn't the bussh he worrshipt; it was his God that was in it. An' I worrship this villin of a Currnell (if he is a villin) because he's almighty and gives us the vict'ry. He's nothin' but a human burrnin' bussh, perhaps, but he's got the god of war in um. Adjetant Wallis, it's a—long time between dhrinks, as I think ye was sayin', an' with rayson. See if ye can't condiscate a canteen of whiskee somewhere in the camp. Bedad, if I can't

buy it I'll stale it. We're goin' to fight to-morry, an' it may be it's the last chance we'll have for a dhrink, unless there's more lik'r now in the other worrld than Dives got."

The brigade was bivouacked in some invisible region, amid the damp, misty darkness of a September night. The men lay in their ranks, each with his feet to the front and his head rearward, each covered by his overcoat and pillowed upon his haversack, each with his loaded rifle nestled close beside him. Asleep as they were, or dropping placidly into slumber, they were ready to start in order to their feet and pour out the red light and harsh roar of combat. There were two lines of battle, each of three regiments of infantry, the first some two hundred yards in advance of the second. In the space between them lay two four-gun batteries, one of them brass twelve-pounder "Napoleons," and the other rifled Parrotts. To the rear of the infantry were the recumbent troopers and picketed horses of a regiment of cavalry. All around, in the far, black distance, invisible and inaudible, paced or watched stealthily the sentinels of the grand guards.

There was not a fire, nor a torch, nor a star-beam in the whole bivouac to guide the feet of Adjutant Wallis in his pilgrimage after whisky. The orders from brigade headquarters had been strict against illuminations, for the Confederates were near at hand in force, and a surprise was purposed as well as feared. A tired and sleepy youngster, almost dropping with the heavy somnolence of wearied adolescence, he stumbled on through the trials of an undiscernible and unfamiliar footing, lifting his heavy riding boots slug-

gishly over imaginary obstacles, and fearing the while lest his toil were labor misspent. It was a dry camp, he felt dolefully certain, or there would have been more noise in it. He fell over a sleeping Sergeant, and said to him hastily, "Steady, man—a friend!" as the half-roused soldier clutched his rifle. Then he found a Lieutenant, and shook him in vain; further on a Captain, and exchanged saddening murmurs with him; further still a camp-follower of African extraction, and blasphemed him.

"It's a God-forsaken camp, and there isn't a horn in it," said Adjutant Wallis to himself as he pursued his groping journey. "Bet you I don't find the first drop," he continued, for he was a betting boy, and frequently argued by wagers, even with himself. "Bet you two to one I don't. Bet you three to one—ten to one."

Then he saw, an indefinite distance beyond him, burning like red-hot iron through the darkness, a little scarlet or crimson gleam, as of a lighted cigar.

"That's Old Grumps, of the Bloody Fourteenth," he thought. "I've raided into his happy sleeping-grounds. I'll draw on him."

But Old Grumps, otherwise Colonel Lafayette Gildersleeve, had no rations—that is, no whisky.

"How do you suppose an officer is to have a drink, Lieutenant?" he grumbled.

"Don't you know that our would-be Brigadier sent all the commissary to the rear day before yesterday? A canteenful can't last two days. Mine went empty about five minutes ago."

"Oh, thunder!" groaned Wallis, saddened by that

saddest of all thoughts; "too late! Well, least said soonest mended. I must wobble back to my Major."

"He'll send you off to some other camp as dry as this one. Wait ten minutes, and he'll be asleep. Lie down on my blanket and light your pipe. I want to talk to you about official business—about our would-be Brigadier."

"Oh, your turn will come some day," mumbled Wallis, remembering Gildersleeve's jealousy of the brigade commander,—a jealousy which only gave tongue when aroused by 'commissary.' If you do as well as usual to-morrow you can have your own brigade."

"I suppose you think we are all going to do well to-morrow," scoffed Old Grumps, whose utterance by this time stumbled. "I suppose you expect to whip and to have a good time. I suppose you brag on fighting and enjoy it."

"I like it well enough when it goes right; and it generally does go right with this brigade. I should like it better if the rebs would fire higher and break quicker."

"That depends on the way those are commanded whose business it is to break them," growled Old Grumps. "I don't say but what we are rightly commanded," he added, remembering his duty to superiors. "I concede and acknowledge that our would-be Brigadier knows his military business. But the blessing of God, Wallis! I believe in Waldron as a soldier. But as a man and a Christian, faugh!"

Gildersleeve had clearly emptied his canteen unas-

sisted; he never talked about Christianity when perfectly sober.

"What was your last remark?" inquired Wallis, taking his pipe from his mouth to grin. Even a superior officer might be chaffed a little in the darkness.

"I made no last remark," asserted the Colonel with dignity. "I'm not a-dying yet. If I said anything last it was a mere exclamation of disgust—the disgust of an officer and gentleman. I suppose you know something about our would-be Brigadier. I suppose you think you know something about him."

"Bet you I know *all* about him," affirmed Wallis. "He enlisted in the old Tenth as a common soldier. Before he had been a week in camp they found that he knew his biz, and they made him a Sergeant. Before we started for the field the Governor got his eye on him and shoved him into a Lieutenancy. The first battle h'isted him to a Captain. And the second—bang! whiz! he shot up to Colonel, right over the heads of everybody, line and field. Nobody in the old Tenth grumbled. They saw that he knew his biz. I know *all* about him. What'll you bet?"

"I'm not a betting man, Lieutenant, except in a friendly game of poker," sighed Old Grumps. "You don't know anything about your Brigadier," he added in a sepulchral murmur, the echo of an empty canteen. "I have only been in this brigade a month, and I know more than you do, far, very far more, sorry to say it. He's a reformed clergyman. He's an apostatized minister." The Colonel's voice as he said this was solemn and sad enough to do credit to an under-

taker. "It's a bad sort, Wallis," he continued, after another deep sigh, a very highly perfumed one, the sigh of a bar-keeper. "When a clergyman falls, he falls for life and eternity, like a woman or an angel. I never knew a backslidden shepherd to come to good. Sooner or later he always goes to the devil, and takes down whomsoever hangs to him."

"He'll take down the old Tenth, then," asserted Wallis. "It hangs to him. Bet you two to one he takes it along."

"You're right, Adjutant; spoken like a soldier," swore Gildersleeve. "And the Bloody Fourteenth, too! It will march into the burning pit as far as any regiment; and the whole brigade, yes sir! But a backslidden shepherd, my God! Have we come to that? I often say to myself, in the solemn hours of the night, as I remember my Sabbath-school days, 'Great Scott, have we come to that?' A reformed clergyman! An apostatized minister! Think of it, Wallis, think of it! Why, sir, his very wife ran away from him. They had but just buried their first boy," pursued Old Grumps, his hoarse voice sinking to a whimper. "They drove home from the burial-place, where lay the new-made grave. Arrived at their door, *he* got out and extended his hand to help *her* out. Instead of accepting, instead of throwing herself into his arms and weeping there, she turned to the coachman and said, 'Driver, drive me to my father's house.' That was the end of their wedded life, Wallis."

The Colonel actually wept at this point, and the maudlin tears were not altogether insincere. His own wife and children he heartily loved, and remembered

them now with honest tenderness. At home he was not a drinker and a rough; only amid the hardships and perils of the field.

"That was the end of it, Wallis," he repeated. "And what was it while it lasted? What does a woman leave her husband for? Why does she separate from him over the grave of her innocent first-born? There are twenty reasons, but they must all of them be good ones. I am sorry to give it as my decided opinion, Wallis, in perfect confidence, that they must all be whopping good ones. Well, that was the beginning; only the beginning. After that he held on for a while, breaking the bread of life to a skedaddling flock, and then he bolted. The next known of him, three years later, he enlisted in your regiment, a smart but seedy recruit, smelling strongly of whisky."

"I wish I smelt half as strong of it myself," grumbled Wallis. "It might keep out the swamp fever."

"That's the true story of Colonel John James Waldron," continued Old Grumps, with a groan which was very somnolent, as if it were a twin to a snore. "That's the true story."

"I don't believe the first word of it—that is to say, Colonel, I think you have been misinformed—and I'll bet you two to one on it. If he was nothing more than a minister, how did he know drill and tactics?"

"Oh, I forgot to say, he went through West Point,—that is, nearly through. They graduated him in his third year by the back door, Wallis."

"Oh, that was it, was it? He was a West Pointer, was he? Well, then, the blacksliding was natural, and oughtn't to count against him. A member of

Benny Havens' church has a right to backslide anywhere, especially as the Colonel doesn't seem to be any worse than some of the rest of us, who haven't fallen from grace the least particle, but took our stand at the start just where we are now. A fellow that begins with a handful of trumps has a right to play a risky game."

"I know what euchered him, Wallis. It was the old Little Joker; and there's another of the same on hand now."

"On hand where? What are you driving at, Colonel?"

"He looks like a boy. I mean she looks like a boy. You know what I mean, Wallis; I mean the boy that makes believe wait on him. And her brother is in camp, got here to-night. There'll be an explanation to-morrow, and there'll be blood shed."

"Good-night, Colonel, and sleep it off," said Wallis, rising from the side of a man whom he believed to be sillily drunk, and altogether untrustworthy. "You know we get after the rebs at dawn."

"I know it—goo-night, Adjutant—gawbless-you," mumbled Old Grumps. "We'll lick those rebs, won't we?" he chuckled. "Goo-night, ole fellow, an' gawblessyou."

Whereupon Old Grumps fell asleep, very absurdly overcome by liquor, we extremely regret to concede, but nobly sure to do his soldierly duty as soon as he should awake.

Stumbling wearily blanketward, Wallis found his Major and regimental commander, the genial and gal-

lant Gahogan, slumbering in a peace like that of the just. He stretched himself a-near, put out his hand to touch his saber and revolver, drew his caped great-coat over him, moved once to free his back of a root or pebble, glanced languidly at a single struggling star, thought for an instant of his far-away mother, turned his head with a sigh, and slept. In the morning he was to fight, and perhaps to die; but the boyish veteran was too seasoned, and also too tired, to mind that; he could mind but one thing—nature's pleading for rest.

In the iron-gray dawn, while the troops were falling dimly and spectrally into line, and he was mounting his horse to be ready for orders, he remembered Gildersleeve's drunken tale concerning the commandant, and laughed aloud. But turning his face toward brigade headquarters (a sylvan region marked out by the branches of a great oak), he was surprised to see a strange officer, a fair young man in Captain's uniform, riding slowly toward it.

"Is that the Boy's brother?" he said to himself; and in the next instant he had forgotten the whole subject; it was time to form and present the regiment.

Quietly and without tap of drum the small battle-worn battalions filed out of their bivouac into the highway, ordered arms and waited for the word to march. With a dull rumble the field-pieces trundled slowly after, and halted in rear of the infantry. The cavalry trotted off circuitously through the fields, emerged upon the road in advance, and likewise halted, all but a single company, which pushed on for half

a mile, spreading out as it went into a thin line of skirmishers.

Meanwhile a strange interview took place near the great oak which had sheltered brigade headquarters. As the unknown officer, whom Wallis had noted, approached it, Colonel Waldron was standing by his horse ready to mount. The commandant was a man of medium size, fairly handsome in person and features, and apparently about twenty-eight years of age. Perhaps it was the singular breadth of his forehead which made the lower part of his face look so unusually slight and feminine. His eyes were dark hazel, as clear, brilliant, and tender as a girl's, and brimming full of a pensiveness which seemed both loving and melancholy. Few persons, at all events few women, who looked upon him ever looked beyond his eyes. They were very fascinating, and in a man's countenance very strange. They were the kind of eyes which reveal passionate romances, and which make them.

By his side stood a boy, a singularly interesting and beautiful boy, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and delicate in color. When this boy saw the stranger approach he turned as pale as marble, slid away from the brigade commander's side, and disappeared behind a group of staff officers and orderlies. The newcomer also became deathly white as he glanced after the retreating youth. Then he dismounted, touched his cap slightly, and, as if mechanically, advanced a few steps, and said hoarsely, "I believe this is Colonel Waldron. I am Captain Fitz Hugh, of the ——th Delaware."

Waldron put his hand to his revolver, withdrew it instantaneously, and stood motionless.

"I am on leave of absence from my regiment, Colonel," continued Fitz Hugh, speaking now with an elaborate ceremoniousness of utterance significant of a struggle to suppress violent emotion. "I suppose you can understand why I made use of it in seeking you."

Waldron hesitated; he stood gazing at the earth with the air of one who repressed deep pain; at last, after a profound sigh, he raised his eyes and answered:

"Captain, we are on the eve of a battle. I must attend to my public duties first. After the battle we will settle our private affair."

"There is but one way to settle it, Colonel."

"You shall have your way if you will. You shall do what you will. I only ask what good will it do to *her?*"

"It will do good to me, Colonel," whispered Fitz Hugh, suddenly turning crimson. "You forget *me.*"

Waldron's face also flushed, and an angry sparkle shot from under his lashes in reply to this utterance of hate, but it died out in an instant.

"I have done a wrong, and I will accept the consequences," he said. "I pledge you my word that I will be at your disposal if I survive the battle. Where do you propose to remain meanwhile?"

"I will take the same chance, Sir. I propose to do my share in the fighting if you will use me."

"I am short of staff officers. Will you act as my aid?"

"I will, Colonel," bowed Fitz Hugh, with a glance which expressed surprise, and perhaps admiration, at this confidence.

Waldron turned, beckoned his staff officers to approach, and said, "Gentlemen, this is Captain Fitz Hugh of the ——th Delaware. He has volunteered to join us for the day, and will act as my aid. And now, Captain, will you ride to the head of the column and order it forward? There will be no drum-beat and no noise. When you have given your order and seen it executed, you will wait for me."

Fitz Hugh saluted, sprang into his saddle, and galloped away. A few minutes later the whole column was plodding on silently toward its bloody goal. To a civilian, unaccustomed to scenes of war, the tranquillity of these men would have seemed very wonderful. Many of the soldiers were still munching the hard bread and raw pork of their meager breakfasts, or drinking the cold coffee with which they had filled their canteens the day previous. Many more were chatting in an undertone, grumbling over their sore feet and other discomfits, chaffing each other, and laughing. The general bearing, however, was grave, patient, quietly enduring, and one might almost say stolid. You would have said, to judge by their expressions, that these sunburnt fellows were merely doing hard work, and thoroughly commonplace work, without a prospect of adventure, and much less of danger. The explanation of this calmness, so brutal perhaps to the eye of a sensitive soul, lies mainly in the fact that they were all veterans, the survivors of marches, privations, maladies, sieges, and battles. Not

a regiment present numbered four hundred men, and the average was not above three hundred. The whole force, including artillery and cavalry, might have been about twenty-five hundred sabers and bayonets.

At the beginning of the march Waldron fell into the rear of his staff and mounted orderlies. Then the boy who had fled from Fitz Hugh dropped out of the tramping escort, and rode up to his side.

"Well, Charlie," said Waldron, casting a pitying glance at the yet pallid face and anxious eyes of the youth, "you have had a sad fright. I make you very miserable."

"He has found us at last," murmured Charlie in a tremulous soprano voice. "What did he say?"

"We are to talk to-morrow. He acts as my aide-de-camp to-day. I ought to tell you frankly that he is not friendly."

"Of course, I knew it," sighed Charlie, while the tears fell.

"It is only one more trouble—one more danger, and perhaps it may pass. So many *have* passed."

"Did you tell him anything to quiet him? Did you tell him that we were married?"

"But we are not married, yet, Charlie. We shall be, I hope."

"But you ought to have told him that we were. It might stop him from doing something—mad. Why didn't you tell him so? Why didn't you think of it?"

"My dear little child, we are about to have a battle. I should like to carry some honor and truth into it."

"Where is he?" continued Charlie, unconvinced and unappeased. "I want to see him. Is he at the

head of the column? I want to speak to him, just one word. He won't hurt me."

She suddenly spurred her horse, wheeled into the fields, and dashed onward. Fitz Hugh was lounging in his saddle, and somberly surveying the passing column, when she galloped up to him.

"Carrol!" she said, in a choked voice, reining in by his side, and leaning forward to touch his sleeve.

He threw one glance at her—a glance of aversion, if not of downright hatred, and turned his back in silence.

"He is my husband, Carrol," she went on rapidly. "I knew you didn't understand it. I ought to have written you about it. I thought I would come and tell you before you did anything absurd. We were married as soon as he heard that his wife was dead."

"What is the use of this?" he muttered hoarsely. "She is not dead. I heard from her a week ago. She was living a week ago."

"Oh, Carrol!" stammered Charlie. "It was some mistake then. Is it possible! And he was so sure! But he can get a divorce, you know. She abandoned him. Or *she can get one*. No, *he* can get it—of course, when she abandoned him. But, Carrol, she *must* be dead—he was *so* sure."

"She is *not* dead, I tell you. And there can be no divorce. Insanity bars all claim to a divorce. She is in an asylum. She had to leave him, and then she went mad."

"Oh, no, Carrol, it is all a mistake; it is not so, Carrol," she murmured in a voice so faint that he could not help glancing at her, half in fury and half

in pity. She was slowly falling from her horse. He sprang from his saddle, caught her in his arms, and laid her on the turf, wishing the while that it covered her grave. Just then one of Waldron's orderlies rode up and exclaimed: "What is the matter with the—the Boy? Hullo, Charlie."

Fitz Hugh stared at the man in silence, tempted to tear him from his horse. "The boy is ill," he answered when he recovered his self-command. "Take charge of him yourself." He remounted, rode onward out of sight beyond a thicket, and there waited for the brigade commander, now and then fingering his revolver. As Charlie was being placed in an ambulance by the orderly and a sergeant's wife, Waldron came up, reined in his horse violently, and asked in a furious voice, "Is that boy hurt?"

"Ah—fainted," he added immediately. "Thank you, Mrs. Gunner. Take good care of him—the best of care, my dear woman, and don't let him leave you all day."

Further on, when Fitz Hugh silently fell into his escort he merely glanced at him in a furtive way, and then cantered on rapidly to the head of the cavalry. There he beckoned to the tall, grave, iron-gray Chaplain of the Tenth, and rode with him for nearly an hour, apart, engaged in low and seemingly impassioned discourse. From this interview Mr. Colquhoun returned to the escort with a strangely solemnized, tender countenance, while the commandant, with a more cheerful air than he had yet worn that day, gave himself to his martial duties, inspecting the landscape incessantly with his glass, and sending fre-

quently for news to the advance scouts. It may properly be stated here that the Chaplain never divulged to anyone the nature of the conversation which he had held with his Colonel.

Nothing further of note occurred until the little army, after two hours of plodding march, wound through a sinuous, wooded ravine, entered a broad, bare, slightly undulating valley, and for the second time halted. Waldron galloped to the summit of a knoll, pointed to a long eminence which faced him from two miles distant, and said tranquilly, "There is our battle-ground."

"Is that the enemy's position?" returned Captain Ives, his Adjutant-General. "We shall have a tough job if we go at it from here."

Waldron remained in deep thought for some minutes, meanwhile scanning the ridge and all its surroundings.

"What I want to know," he observed, at last, "is whether they have occupied the wooded knolls in front of their right and around their right flank."

Shortly afterward the commander of the scouting squadron came riding back at a furious pace.

"They are on the hill, Colonel," he shouted.

"Yes, of course," nodded Waldron; "but have they occupied the woods which veil their right front and flank?"

"Not a bit of it; my fellows have cantered all through, and up to the base of the hill."

"Ah!" exclaimed the brigade commander, with a rush of elation. "Then it will be easy work. Go back, Captain, and scatter your men through the wood,

and hold it, if possible. Adjutant, call up the regimental commanders at once. I want them to understand my plan fully."

In a few minutes Gahogan, of the Tenth; Gildersleeve, of the Fourteenth; Peck, of the First; Thomas, of the Seventh; Taylor, of the Eighth, and Colburn, of the Fifth, were gathered around their commander. There, too, was Bradley, the boyish, red-cheeked chief of the artillery; and Stilton, the rough, old, bearded regular, who headed the cavalry. The staff was at hand, also, including Fitz Hugh, who sat his horse, a little apart, downcast and somber and silent, but nevertheless keenly interested. It is worthy of remark, by the way, that Waldron took no special note of him, and did not seem conscious of any disturbing presence. Evil as the man may have been, he was a thoroughly good soldier, and just now he thought but of his duties.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I want you to see your field of battle. The enemy occupy that long ridge. How shall we reach it?"

"I think, if we go at it straight from here, we shan't miss it," promptly judged Old Grumps, his red-oak countenance admirably cheerful and hopeful, and his jealousy all dissolved in the interest of approaching combat.

"Nor they won't miss us nuther," laugher Major Gahogan. "Better slide our infantree into thim wuds, push up our skirmishers, play away wid our guns for an hour, an' thin rowl in a couple o' col'ms."

There was a general murmur of approval. The limits of volunteer invention in tactics had been

reached by Gahogan. The other regimental commanders looked upon him as their superior in the art of war.

"That would be well, Major, if we could do nothing better," said Waldron. "But I do not feel obliged to attack the front seriously at all. The rebels have been thoughtless enough to leave that long semicircle of wooded knolls unoccupied, even by scouts. It stretches from the front of their center clear around their right flank. I shall use it as a veil to cover us while we get into position. I shall throw out a regiment, a battery, and five companies of cavalry, to make a feint against their center and left. With the remainder of the brigade I shall skirt the woods, double around the right of the position, and close in upon it front and rear."

"Loike scissors blades upon a snip o' paper," shouted Gahogan, in delight. Then he turned to Fitz Hugh, who happened to be nearest him, and added, "I tell ye he's got the God o' War in um. He's the burrnin' bussh of humanity, wid a God o' Battles inside on't."

"But how if they come down on our thin right wing?" asked a cautious officer, Taylor, of the Eighth. "They might smash it and seize our line of retreat."

"Men who have taken up a strong position, a position obviously chosen for defense, rarely quit it promptly for an attack," replied Waldron. "There is not one chance in ten that these gentlemen will make a considerable forward movement early in the fight. Only the greatest geniuses jump from the defensive to the offensive. Besides, we must hold the wood.

So long as we hold the wood in front of their center we save the road."

Then came personal and detailed instructions. Each regimental commander was told whither he should march, the point where he should halt to form line, and the direction by which he should attack. The mass of the command was to advance in marching column toward a knoll where the highway entered and traversed the wood. Some time before reaching it Taylor was to deploy the Eighth to the right, throw out a strong skirmish line, and open fire on the enemy's center and left, supported by the battery of Parrotts, and, if pushed, by five companies of cavalry. The remaining troops would reach the knoll, file to the left under cover of the forest, skirt it for a mile as rapidly as possible, enfold the right of the Confederate position, and then move upon it concentrically. Counting from the left, the Tenth, the Seventh, and the Fourteenth were to constitute the first line of battle, while five companies of cavalry, then the First, and then the Fifth formed the second line. Not until Gahogan might have time to wind into the enemy's right rear should Gildersleeve move out of the wood and commence the real attack.

"You will go straight at the front of their right," said Waldron, with a gay smile, to this latter Colonel. "Send up two companies as skirmishers. The moment they are clearly checked, lead up the other eight in line. It will be rough work. But keep pushing. You won't have fifteen minutes of it before Thomas, on your left, will be climbing the end of the ridge to take the rebels in flank. In fifteen minutes more Ga-

hogan will be running in on their backs. Of course, they will try to change front and meet us. But they have extended their line a long way in order to cover the whole ridge. They will not be quick enough. We shall get hold of their right, and we shall roll them up. Then, Colonel Stilton, I shall expect to see the troopers jumping into the gaps and making prisoners."

"All right, Colonel," answered Stilton in that hoarse growl which is apt to mark the old cavalry officer. "Where shall we find you if we want a fresh order?"

"I shall be with Colburn, in rear of Gildersleeve. That is our center. But never mind me; you know what the battle is to be, and you know how to fight it. The whole point with the infantry is to fold around the enemy's right, go in upon it concentrically, smash it, and roll up their line. The cavalry will watch against the infantry being flanked, and when the latter have seized the hill, will charge for prisoners. The artillery will reply to the enemy's guns with shell, and fire grape at any offensive demonstration. You all know your duties, now, gentlemen. Go to your commands, and march!"

The Colonels saluted and started off at a gallop. In a few minutes twenty-five hundred men were in simultaneous movement. Five companies of cavalry wheeled into column of companies, and advanced at a trot through the fields, seeking to gain the shelter of the forest. The six infantry regiments slid up alongside of each other, and pushed on in six parallel columns of march, two on the right of the road and four on the left. The artillery, which alone left the highway, followed at a distance of two or three hundred

yards. The remaining cavalry made a wide detour to the right, as if to flank the enemy's left.

It was a mile and a quarter—it was a march of fully twenty minutes—to the edge of the woodland, the proposed cover of the column. Ten minutes before this point was reached a tiny puff of smoke showed on the brow of the hostile ridge; then, at an interval of several seconds, followed the sound of a distant explosion; then, almost immediately came the screech of a rifled shell. Every man who heard it swiftly asked himself, "Will it strike me?" But ever as the words were thought out it had passed, high in air, clean to the rear, and burst harmlessly. A few faces turned upward and a few eyes glanced backward, as if to see the invisible enemy. But there was no pause in the column; it flowed onward quietly, eagerly, and with business-like precision; it gave forth no sound but the trampling of feet and the muttering of the officers, "Steady, men! Forward, men."

The Confederates, however, had got their range. A half-minute later four puffs of smoke dotted the ridge, and a flight of hoarse humming shrieks tore the air. A little aureole cracked and splintered over the First, followed by loud cries of anguish and a brief, slight confusion. The voice of an officer rose sharply out of the flurry. "Close up, Company A! Forward, men!" The battalion column resumed its even formation in an instant, and tramped unitedly onward, leaving behind it two quivering corpses and a wounded man who tottered rearward.

Then came more screeches, and a shell exploded over the highroad, knocking a gunner lifeless from

his carriage. The brigade commander glanced anxiously along his batteries, and addressed a few words to his chief of artillery. Presently the four Napoleons set forward at a gallop for the wood, while the four Parrotts wheeled to the right, deployed, and advanced across the fields, inclining toward the left of the enemy. Next, Taylor's regiment (the Eighth) halted, fronted, faced to the right, and filed off in column of march at a double-quick until it had gained the rear of the Parrotts, when it fronted again, and pushed on in support. A quarter of a mile further on these guns went into battery behind the brow of a little knoll, and opened fire. Four companies of the Eighth spread out to the right as skirmishers, and commenced stealing toward the ridge, from time to time measuring the distance with rifle-balls. The remainder of the regiment lay down in line between the Parrotts and the forest. Far away to the right, five companies of cavalry showed themselves, maneuvering as if they proposed to turn the left flank of the Southerners. The attack on this side was in form and in operation.

Meantime the Confederate fire had divided. Two guns pounded away at Taylor's feint, while two shelled the main column. The latter was struck repeatedly; more than twenty men dropped silent or groaning out of the hurrying files; but the survivors pushed on without faltering, and without even caring for the wounded. At last a broad belt of green branches rose between the regiments and the ridge; and the rebel gunners, unable to see their foe, dropped suddenly into silence.

Here it appeared that the road divided. The highway traversed the forest, mounted the slope beyond, and dissected the enemy's position, while a branch road turned to the left and skirted the exterior of the long curve of wooded hillocks. At the fork the battery of Napoleons had halted, and there it was ordered to remain for the present in quiet. There, too, the Fourteenth filed in among the dense greenery, threw out two companies of skirmishers toward the ridge, and pushed slowly after them into the shadows.

"Get sight of the enemy at once!" was Waldron's last word to Gildersleeve. "If they move down the slope, drive them back. But don't commence your attack under half an hour."

Next he filed the Fifth into the thickets, saying to Colburn, "I want you to halt a hundred yards to the left and rear of Gildersleeve. Cover his flank if he is attacked; but otherwise lie quiet. As soon as he charges, move forward to the edge of the wood, and be ready to support him. But make no assault yourself until further orders."

The two next regiments—the Seventh and First—he placed in *échelon,* in like manner, a quarter of a mile further along. Then he galloped forward to the cavalry, and had a last word with Stilton. "You and Gahogan must take care of yourselves. Push on four or five hundred yards, and then face to the right. Whatever Gahogan finds let him go at it. If he can't shake it, help him. You two *must* reach the top of the ridge. Only, look out for your left flank. Keep a squadron or two in reserve on that side."

"Currnel, if we don't raich the top of the hill, it'll

be because it hasn't got wan," answered Gahogan. Stilton only laughed and rode forward.

Waldron now returned toward the fork of the road. On the way he sent a staff officer to the Seventh with renewed orders to attack as soon as possible after Gildersleeve. Then another staff officer was hurried forward to Taylor with directions to push his feint strongly, and drive his skirmishers as far up the slope as they could get. A third staff officer set the Parrotts in rear of Taylor to firing with all their might. By the time that the commandant had returned to Colburn's ambushed ranks, no one was with him but his enemy, Fitz Hugh.

"You don't seem to trust me with duty, Colonel," said the young man.

"I shall use you only in case of extremity, Captain," replied Waldron. "We have business to settle to-morrow."

"I ask no favors on that account. I hope you will offer me none."

"In case of need I shall spare no one," declared Waldron.

Then he took out his watch, looked at it impatiently, put it to his ear, restored it to his pocket, and fell into an attitude of deep attention. Evidently his whole mind was on his battle, and he was waiting, watching, yearning for its outburst.

"If he wins this fight," thought Fitz Hugh, "how can I do him a harm? And yet," he added, "how can I help it?"

Minutes passed. Fitz Hugh tried to think of his injury, and to steel himself against his chief. But the

roar of battle on the right, and the suspense and imminence of battle on the left, absorbed the attention of even this wounded and angry spirit, as, indeed, they might have absorbed that of any being not more or less than human. A private wrong, insupportable though it might be, seemed so small amid that deadly clamor and awful expectation! Moreover, the intellect which worked so calmly and vigorously by his side, and which alone of all things near appeared able to rule the coming crisis, began to dominate him, in spite of his sense of injury. A thought crossed him to the effect that the great among men are too valuable to be punished for their evil deeds. He turned to the absorbed brigade commander, now not only his ruler, but even his protector, with a feeling that he must accord him a word of peace, a proffer in some form of possible forgiveness and friendship. But the man's face was clouded and stern with responsibility and authority. He seemed at that moment too lofty to be approached with a message of pardon. Fitz Hugh gazed at him with a mixture of profound respect and smothered hate. He gazed, turned away, and remained silent.

Minutes more passed. Then a mounted orderly dashed up at full speed, with the words, "Colonel, Major Gahogan has fronted."

"Has he?" answered Waldron, with a smile which thanked the trooper and made him happy. "Ride on through the thicket here, my man, and tell Colonel Gildersleeve to push up his skirmishers."

With a thud of hoofs and a rustling of parting foliage the cavalryman disappeared amid the under-

wood. A minute or two later a thin, dropping rattle of musketry, five hundred yards or so to the front, announced that the sharpshooters of the Fourteenth were at work. Almost immediately there was an angry response, full of the threatenings and execution of death. Through the lofty leafage tore the screech of a shell, bursting with a sharp crash as it passed overhead, and scattering in humming slivers. Then came another, and another, and many more, chasing each other with hoarse hissings through the trembling air, a succession of flying serpents. The enemy doubtless believed that nearly the whole attacking force was massed in the wood around the road, and they had brought at least four guns to bear upon that point, and were working them with the utmost possible rapidity. Presently a large chestnut, not fifty yards from Fitz Hugh, was struck by a shot. The solid trunk, nearly three feet in diameter, parted asunder as if it were the brittlest of vegetable matter. The upper portion started aside with a monstrous groan, dropped in a standing posture to the earth, and then topped slowly, sublimely prostrate, its branches crashing and all its leaves wailing. Ere long, a little further to the front, another Anak of the forest went down; and, mingled with the noise of its sylvan agony, there arose sharp cries of human suffering. Then Colonel Colburn, a broad-chested and ruddy man of thirty-five, with a look of indignant anxiety in his iron-gray eyes, rode up to the brigade commander.

"This is very annoying, Colonel," he said. "I am losing my men without using them. That last tree fell into my command."

"Are they firing toward our left?" asked Waldron.

"Not a shot."

"Very good," said the chief, with a sigh of contentment. "If we can only keep them occupied in this direction! By the way, let your men lie down under the fallen tree, as far as it will go. It will protect them from others."

Colburn rode back to his regiment. Waldron looked impatiently at his watch. At that moment a fierce burst of line firing arose in front, followed and almost overborne by a long-drawn yell, the scream of charging men. Waldron put up his watch, glanced excitedly at Fitz Hugh, and smiled.

"I must forgive or forget," the latter could not help saying to himself. "All the rest of life is nothing compared with this."

"Captain," said Waldron, "ride off to the left at full speed. As soon as you hear firing at the shoulder of the ridge, return instantly and let me know."

Fitz Hugh dashed away. Three minutes carried him into perfect peace, beyond the whistling of ball or the screeching of shell. On the right was a tranquil, wide waving of foliage, and on the left a serene landscape of cultivated fields, with here and there an embowered farmhouse. Only for the clamor of artillery and musketry far behind him, he could not have believed in the near presence of battle, of blood and suffering and triumphant death. But suddenly he heard to his right, assaulting and slaughtering the tranquillity of nature, a tumultuous outbreak of file-firing, mingled with savage yells. He wheeled, drove spurs into his horse, and flew back to Waldron. As he re-

entered the wood he met wounded men streaming through it, a few marching alertly upright, many more crouching and groaning, some clinging to their less injured comrades, but all haggard in face and ghastly.

"Are we winning?" he hastily asked of one man who held up a hand with three fingers gone and the bones projecting in sharp spikes through mangled flesh.

"All right, Sir; sailing in," was the answer.

"Is the brigade commander all right?" he inquired of another who was winding a bloody handkerchief around his arm.

"Straight ahead, Sir; hurrah for Waldron!" responded the soldier, and almost in the same instant fell lifeless with a fresh ball through his head.

"Hurrah for him!" Fitz Hugh answered frantically, plunging on through the underwood. He found Waldron with Colburn, the two conversing tranquilly in their saddles amid hissing bullets and dropping branches.

"Move your regiment forward now," the brigade commander was saying; "but halt it in the edge of the wood."

"Shan't I relieve Gildersleeve if he gets beaten?" asked the subordinate officer eagerly.

"No. The regiments on the left will help him out. I want your men and Peck's for the fight on top of the hill. Of course the rebels will try to retake it; then I shall call for you."

Fitz Hugh now approached and said, "Colonel, the Seventh has attacked in force."

"Good!" answered Waldron, with that sweet smile of his which thanked people who brought him pleas-

ant news. "I thought I heard his fire. Gahogan will be on their right rear in ten minutes. Then we shall get the ridge. Ride back now to Major Bradley, and tell him to bring his Napoleons through the wood, and set two of them to shelling the enemy's center. Tell him my idea is to amuse them, and keep them from changing front."

Again Fitz Hugh galloped off as before on a comfortably safe errand, safer at all events than many errands of that day. "This man is sparing my life," he said to himself. "Would to God I knew how to spare his!"

He found Bradley lunching on a gun caisson, and delivered his orders. "Something to do at last, eh?" laughed the rosy-cheeked youngster. "The smallest favors thankfully received. Won't you take a bite of rebel chicken, Captain? This rebellion must be put down. No? Well, tell the Colonel I am moving on, and John Brown's soul not far ahead."

When Fitz Hugh returned to Waldron he found him outside of the wood, at the base of the long incline which rose into the rebel position. About the slope were scattered prostrate forms, most numerous near the bottom, some crawling slowly rearward, some quiescent. Under the brow of the ridge, decimated and broken into a mere skirmish line sheltered in knots and singly, behind rocks and knolls and bushes, lay the Fourteenth Regiment, keeping up a steady, slow fire. From the edge above, smokily dim against a pure, blue heaven, answered another rattle of musketry, incessant, obstinate, and spiteful. The combatants on both sides were lying down; otherwise neither party could have

lasted ten minutes. From Fitz Hugh's point of view not a Confederate uniform could be seen. But the smoke of their rifles made a long gray line, which was disagreeably visible and permanent; and the sharp *whit! whit!* of their bullets continually passed him, and cheeped away in the leafage behind.

"Our men can't get on another inch," he ventured to say to his commander. "Wouldn't it be well for me to ride up and say a cheering word?"

"Every battle consists largely in waiting," replied Waldron thoughtfully. "They have undoubtedly brought up a reserve to face Thomas. But when Gahogan strikes the flank of the reserve, we shall win."

"I wish you would take shelter," begged Fitz Hugh. "Everything depends on your life."

"My life has been both a help and a hurt to my fellow-creatures," sighed the brigade commander. "Let come what will to it."

He glanced upward with an expression of profound emotion; he was evidently fighting two battles, an outward and an inward one.

Presently, he added, "I think the musketry is increasing on the left. Does it strike you so?"

He was all eagerness again, leaning forward with an air of earnest listening, his face deeply flushed and his eye brilliant. Of a sudden the combat above rose and swelled into higher violence. There was a clamor far away—it seemed nearly a mile away—over the hill. Then the nearer musketry, first Thomas's on the shoulder of the ridge, next Gildersleeve's in front, caught fire and raged with new fury.

Waldron laughed outright. "Gahogan has reached them," he said to one of his staff who had just rejoined him. "We shall all be up there in five minutes. Tell Colburn to bring on his regiment slowly."

Then, turning to Fitz Hugh, he added, "Captain, we will ride forward."

They set off at a walk, now watching the smoking brow of the eminence, now picking their way among dead and wounded. Suddenly there was a shout above them and a sudden diminution of the firing; and looking upward, they saw the men of the Fourteenth running confusedly toward the summit. Without a word the brigade commander struck spurs into his horse and dashed up the long slope at a run, closely followed by his enemy and aid. What they saw when they overtook the straggling, running, panting, screaming pell-mell of the Fourteenth was victory!

The entire right wing of the Confederates, attacked on three sides at once, placed at enormous disadvantage, completely overgeneraled, had given way in confusion, was retreating, breaking, and flying. There were lines yet of dirty gray or butternut; but they were few, meager, fluctuating, and recoiling, and there were scattered and scurrying men in hundreds. Three veteran and gallant regiments had gone all to wreck under the shock of three similar regiments far more intelligently directed. A strong position had been lost because the heroes who held it could not perform the impossible feat of forming successively two fresh fronts under a concentric fire of musketry. The inferior brain power had confessed the superiority of the stronger one.

On the victorious side there was wild, clamorous, fierce exultation. The hurrying, shouting, firing soldiers, who noted their commander riding among them, swung their rifles or their tattered hats at him, and screamed "Hurrah!" No one thought of the Confederate dead under foot, nor of the Union dead who dotted the slope behind. "What are you here for, Colonel?" shouted rough old Gildersleeve, one leg of his trousers dripping blood. "We can do it alone."

"It is a battle won," laughed Fitz Hugh, almost worshiping the man whom he had come to slay.

"It is a battle won, but not used," answered Waldron. "We haven't a gun yet, nor a flag. Where is the cavalry? Why isn't Stilton here? He must have got afoul of the enemy's horse, and been obliged to beat it off. Can anybody hear anything of Stilton?"

"Let him go," roared Old Grumps. "The infantry don't want any help."

"Your regiment has suffered, Colonel," answered Waldron, glancing at the scattered files of the Fourteenth. "Halt it and reorganize it, and let it fall in with the right of the First when Peck comes up. I shall replace you with the Fifth. Send your Adjutant back to Colburn and tell him to hurry along. Those fellows are making a new front over there," he added, pointing to the center of the hill. "I want the Fifth, Seventh, and Tenth in *échelon* as quickly as possible. And I want that cavalry. Lieutenant," turning to one of his staff, "ride off to the left and find Colonel Stilton. Tell him that I need a charge in ten minutes."

Presently cannon opened from that part of the ridge still held by the Confederates, the shells tearing through or over the dissolving groups of their right wing, and cracking viciously above the heads of the victorious Unionists. The explosions followed each other with stunning rapidity, and the shrill whirring of the splinters was ominous. Men began to fall again in the ranks or to drop out of them wounded. Of all this Waldron took no further note than to ride hastily to the brow of the ridge and look for his own artillery.

"See how he attinds to iverthing himself," said Major Gahogan, who had cantered up to the side of Fitz Hugh. "It's just a matther of plain business, an' he looks after it loike a business man. Did ye see us, though, Captin, whin we come in on their right flank? By George, we murthered um. There's more'n a hundred lyin' in hapes back there. As for old Stilton, I just caught sight of um behind that wood to our left, and he's makin' for the enemy's right rair. He'll have lots o' prisoners in half an hour."

When Waldron returned to the group he was told of his cavalry's whereabouts, and responded to the information with a smile of satisfaction.

"Bradley is hurrying up," he said, "and Taylor is pushing their left smartly. They will make one more tussle to recover their line of retreat; but we shall smash them from end to end and take every gun."

He galloped now to his infantry, and gave the word "Forward!" The three regiments which composed

the *échelon* were the Fifth on the right, the Seventh fifty yards to the rear and left of the Fifth. It was behind the Fifth, that is, the foremost battalion, that the brigade commander posted himself.

"Do you mean to stay here, Colonel?" asked Fitz Hugh, in surprise and anxiety.

"It is a certain victory now," answered Waldron, with a singular glance upward. "My life is no longer important. I prefer to do my duty to the utmost in the sight of all men."

"I shall follow you and do mine, Sir," said the Captain, much moved, he could scarcely say by what emotions, they were so many and conflicting.

"I want you otherwheres. Ride to Colonel Taylor at once, and hurry him up the hill. Tell him the enemy have greatly weakened their left. Tell him to push up everything, infantry, and cavalry, and artillery, and to do it in haste."

"Colonel, this is saving my life against my will," remonstrated Fitz Hugh.

"Go!" ordered Waldron, imperiously. "Time is precious."

Fitz Hugh dashed down the slope to the right at a gallop. The brigade commander turned tranquilly, and followed the march of his *échelon*. The second and decisive crisis of the little battle was approaching, and to understand it we must glance at the ground on which it was to be fought. Two hostile lines were marching toward each other along the broad, gently rounded crest of the hill, and at right angles to its general course. Between these lines, but much the nearest to the Union troops, a spacious road came up out

of the forest in front, crossed the ridge, swept down the smooth decline in rear, and led to a single wooden bridge over a narrow but deep rivulet. On either hand the road was hedged in by a close board fence, four feet or so in height. It was for the possession of this highway that the approaching lines were about to shed their blood. If the Confederates failed to win it, all their artillery would be lost, and their army captured or dispersed.

The two parties came on without firing. The soldiers on both sides were veterans, cool, obedient to orders, intelligent through long service, and able to reserve all their resources for a short-range and final struggle. Moreover, the fences as yet partially hid them from each other, and would have rendered all aim for the present vague and uncertain.

"Forward, Fifth!" shouted Waldron. "Steady. Reserve your fire." Then, as the regiment came up to the fence, he added, "Halt, right dress. Steady, men."

Meantime he watched the advancing array with an eager gaze. It was a noble sight, full of moral sublimity, and worthy of all admiration. The long, lean, sunburned, weather-beaten soldiers in ragged gray stepped forward, superbly, their ranks loose, but swift and firm, the men leaning forward in their haste, their tattered slouch hats pushed backward, their whole aspect business-like and virile. Their line was three battalions strong, far outflanking the Fifth, and at least equal to the entire *échelon*. When within thirty or forty yards of the further fence they increased their

pace to nearly a double-quick, many of them stooping low in hunter fashion, and a few firing. Then Waldron rose in his stirrups and yelled, "Battalion! ready —aim—aim low. Fire!"

There was a stunning roar of three hundred and fifty rifles and a deadly screech of bullets. But the smoke rolled out, the haste to reload was intense, and none could mark what execution was done. Whatever the Confederates may have suffered, they bore up under the volley, and they came on. In another minute each of those fences, not more than twenty-five yards apart, was lined by the shattered fragments of a regiment, each firing as fast as possible into the face of the other. The Fifth bled fearfully: it had five of its ten company commanders shot dead in three minutes; and its loss in other officers and in men fell scarcely short of this terrific ratio. On its left the Seventh and the Tenth were up, pouring in musketry, and receiving it in a fashion hardly less sanguinary. No one present had ever seen, or ever afterward saw, such another close and deadly contest.

But the strangest thing in this whole wonderful fight was the conduct of the brigade commander. Up and down the rear of the lacerated Fifth, Waldron rode thrice, spurring his plunging and wounded horse, close to the yelling and fighting file-closers, and shouting in a piercing voice encouragement to his men. Stranger still, considering the character which he had borne in the army, and considering the evil deed for which he was to account on the morrow, were the words which he was distinctly and repeatedly heard to utter. "Stand steady, men—God is with us!" was the ex-

traordinary battle-cry of this backslidden clergyman, this sinner above many.

And it was a prophecy of victory. Bradley ran up his Napoleons on the right in the nick of time, and, although only one of them could be brought to bear, it was enough; the grape raked the Confederate left, broke it, and the battle was over. In five minutes more their whole array was scattered, and the entire position open to galloping cavalry, seizing guns, standards, and prisoners.

It was in the very moment of triumph, just as the stubborn Southern line reeled back from the fence in isolated clusters, that the miraculous impunity of Waldron terminated, and he received his death wound. A quarter of an hour later Fitz Hugh found a sorrowful group of officers gazing from a little distance upon their dying commander.

"Is the Colonel hit?" he asked, shocked and grieved, incredible as the emotion may seem.

"Don't go near him," called Gildersleeve, who, it will be remembered, knew or guessed his errand in camp. "The Chaplain and surgeon are there. Let him alone."

"He's going to render his account," added Gahogan. "An' whativer he's done wrong, he's made it square to-day. Let um lave it to his brigade."

Adjutant Wallis, who had been blubbering aloud, who had cursed the rebels and the luck energetically, and who had also been trying to pray inwardly, groaned out, "This is our last victory. You see if it ain't. Bet you two to one."

"Hush, man," replied Gahogan. "We'll win our

share of um, though we'll have to work harder for it. We'll have to do more ourselves, an' get less done for us in the way of tactics."

"That so, Major," whimpered a drummer, looking up from his duty of attending to a wounded comrade. "He knowed how to put his men in the right place, and his men knowed when they was in the right place. But it's goin' to be uphill through the steepest part of hell the rest of the way."

Soldiers, some of them weeping, some of them bleeding, arrived constantly to inquire after their commander, only to be sent quietly back to their ranks or to the rear. Around lay other men—dead men, and senseless, groaning men—all for the present unnoticed. Everything, except the distant pursuit of the cavalry, waited for Waldron to die. Fitz Hugh looked on silently, with the tears of mingled emotions in his eyes, and with hopes and hatreds expiring in his heart. The surgeon supported the expiring victor's head, while Chaplain Colquhoun knelt beside him, holding his hand and praying audibly. Of a sudden the petition ceased, both bent hastily toward the wounded man, and after what seemed a long time exchanged whispers. Then the Chaplain rose, came slowly toward the now advancing group of officers, his hands outspread toward heaven in an attitude of benediction, and tears running down his haggard white face.

"I trust, dear friends," he said, in a tremulous voice, "that all is well with our brother and commander. His last words were, 'God is with us.'"

"Oh! but, man, *that* isn't well," broke out Gahogan,

in a groan. "What did ye pray for his sowl for? Why didn't ye pray for his loife?"

Fitz Hugh turned his horse and rode silently away. The next day he was seen journeying rearward by the side of an ambulance, within which lay what seemed a strangely delicate boy, insensible, and, one would say, mortally ill.

A STORY OF DECORATION DAY FOR THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF TO-DAY [1]

BY ELIZABETH HARRISON

I want you to listen to a sad, sweet story to-day, and yet one that ought to make you glad—glad that such men have lived as those of whom I am going to tell you. It all happened a good many years ago, in fact so long ago that your fathers and mothers were little boys and girls in kilts and pinafores, some of them mere babies in long clothes.

One bright Sunday morning in April the telegraph wires could be heard repeating the same things all over the land, "Tic, tic, tictic; t-i-c; tic, tictic;—tic, t-i-c, tic; t-i-c; tic, t-i-c; t-i-c, t-i-c, tic," they called out, and the drowsy telegraph operators sat up in their chairs as if startled by the words the wires were saying.

"Tic, t-i-c; tic; tictic; tic, tictic; tic, t-i-c, tictic;—tic, tic; t-i-c, tic," continued the wires, and the faces of

[1] From "In Story Land." Sigma Publishing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

the telegraph operators grew pale. Any looker-on could have seen that something dreadful was being told by the wires.

" Tic, t-i-c, tic ; tictic ; tic, tictic ; tic ; t-i-c, tictic ;—tic, tic ; t-i-c, tic," again repeated the wires. There was no mistaking the message this time. Alas, alas, it was true! The terrible news was true! Even the bravest among the operators trembled.

Then came the rapid writing out of the fearful words that the slender wires had uttered, the hurrying to and fro; the messenger boys were seen flying to the great newspaper offices, and the homes of the mayors of the cities, and to the churches where already the people were beginning to assemble. For the deep-toned Sabbath church bells high up in the steeples had been ringing out their welcome to all, even the strangers in their midst—" Bim! Baum! Bim! " they sang, which everybody knew meant, " Come to church, dear people! Come! Come! Come! " And the people strolled leisurely along toward the churches,—fathers and mothers and little ones, and even grandfathers and grandmothers. It was such a bright, pleasant day that it seemed a joy to go to the house of God and thank Him for all His love and care. So one family after another filed into their pews while the organist played such soft, sweet music that everybody felt soothed and quieted by it.

Little did they dream of the awful words which the telegraph wires were at that very moment calling out with their " Tic, t-i-c, tic; t-i-c ; tic, t-i-c ; t-i-c ; t-i-c, tic ;—tic, t-i-c, tic, tictic, tic, tictic ; tic, t-i-c ; tictic."

The clergymen came in and took their places in the

pulpits. In each church the organ ceased its wordless song of praise. The congregation bowed and silently joined with all their hearts in the petitions which the clergyman was offering to the dear Lord, Father of all mankind, Ruler of heaven and earth. Some of them softly whispered "Amen" as he asked protection for their homes and their beloved country. Did they know anything about the danger which even then hung over them? Perhaps they did.

In many of the churches the prayer was over, the morning hymn had been sung, when a stir and bustle at the door might have been noticed, as the messenger boys, excited and out of breath, handed their yellow envelopes to the ushers who stood near the door ready to show the late comers to unoccupied seats. First one and then the other ushers read the message, and from some one of them escaped in a hushed whisper, the words, "Oh God! Has it come to this!"

And all looked white and awe-struck. The head usher hurried tremblingly down the aisle, and without waiting for the clergyman to finish reading the announcements of the week, laid the telegram upon the pulpit desk.

The clergyman, somewhat surprised at such an interruption, glanced at the paper, stopped, gasped, picked it up, and reread the words written upon it, as though he could not believe his own eyes. Then he advanced a step forward, holding on to the desk, as if he had been struck a blow by some unseen hand. The congregation knew that something terrible had happened, and their hearts seemed to stop beating as they leaned forward to catch his words.

"My people," said he in a slow, deliberate tone, as if it were an effort to steady his voice, "I hold in my hand a message from the President of the United States." Then his eyes dropped to the paper which he still held, and now his voice rang out clear and loud as he read, "*Our Flag has been fired upon! Seventy-five thousand troops wanted at once. Abraham Lincoln.*"

. . . . . .

I could not make you understand all that took place the next week or two any more than the little children who heard what the telegram said, understood it. Men came home, hurried and excited, to hunt up law papers, or to straighten out deeds, saying in constrained tones to the pale-faced women, "I will try to leave all business matters straight before I go." There was solemn consultations between husbands and wives, which usually ended in the father's going out, stern-faced and silent, and the mother, dry-eyed but with quivering lips, seeking her own room, locking herself in for an hour, then coming out to the wondering children with a quiet face, but with eyes that showed she had been weeping. There were gatherings in the town halls and in the churches and school houses all over the land. The newspapers were read hurriedly and anxiously.

And when little Robert looked up earnestly into his Grandmamma's face and asked, "Why does Mamma not eat her breakfast?" Grandmamma replied, "Your Papa is going away, my dear;" and when little Robert persisted by saying, "But Papa goes to New York every year, and Mamma does not sit and stare out of the window, and forget to eat her breakfast." Then

Mamma would turn solemnly around and say, "Robert, my boy, Papa is going to the war, and may never come back to us. But you and I must be brave about it and help him get ready." And if Robert answered, "Why is he going to the war? Why does he not stay at home with us? Doesn't he love us any more?" then Mamma would draw her boy to her and, putting her arms around him, and looking into his eyes, she would say, "Yes, my darling, he loves us, but he *must* go. Our country needs him, and you and I must be proud that he is ready to do his duty." Then Robert would go away to his play, wondering what it all meant, just as you would have wondered if you had been there.

Soon the Papas and Uncles, and even some of the Grandfathers, put on soldiers' uniforms, and drilled in the streets with guns over their shoulders, and bands of music played military music, and the drums beat, and crowds of people collected on the street corners, and there were more speeches, and more flags, and banners, and stir, and excitement. And nothing else was talked of but the war, the war, the terrible war.

Then came the marching away of the soldiers to the railway stations, and then the farewells and cheers and waving of handkerchiefs and the playing of patriotic airs by the bands of music, and much more confusion and excitement and good-by kisses and tears than I could tell you of.

. . . . . .

Then came the long, long days of waiting and praying in the homes to which fathers and brothers no longer came, and silent watching for letters, and

anxious opening of the newspapers, and oftentimes the little children felt their Mamma's tears drop on their faces as she kissed them good-night—their dear Mamma who so often had sung them to sleep with her gay, happy songs,—what did it all mean? They could not tell.

And all this time the fathers, brave men as they were, had been marching down to the war. Oftentimes they slept on the hard ground with only their army blankets wrapped around them, and the stars to keep watch over them, and many a day they had nothing to eat but dry bread and black coffee, because they had not time to cook more, and sometimes they had no breakfast at all because they must be up by daybreak and march on, even if the rain poured down, as it sometimes did, wetting them through and through. What were such hardships *when their country was in danger?*

Then came the terrible, terrible battles, more awful than anything you ever dreamed of. Men were shot down by the thousands, and many who did not lose their lives had a leg shot off, or an arm so crushed that it had to be cut off. Still they bravely struggled on. It was for their beloved country they were fighting, and for it they must be willing to suffer, or to die.

Then a hundred thousand more soldiers were called for, and then another hundred thousand, and still the bloody war continued. For four long years it lasted, and the whole world looked on, amazed at such courage and endurance.

. . . . . .

Then the men who had not been killed, or who had

not died of their sufferings, came marching home again, many, alas, on crutches, and many who knew that they were disabled for life. But *they had saved their country!* And that was reward enough for their heroic hearts. Though many a widow turned her sad face away when the crowd welcomed the returning soldiers, for she knew that her loved one was not with them, and many little children learned in time that their dear fathers would never return to them.

War is such a terrible thing that it makes one's heart ache to think of it.

Then by and by the people said, "Our children must grow up loving and honoring the heroic men who gave their lives for their country." So in villages and towns, and cities, monuments were built in honor of the men who died fighting for their country. And one day each year was set apart to keep fresh and green the memory of the brave soldiers, and it has been named "DECORATION DAY," because on this day all the children, all over the land, are permitted to go to the graves of the dead soldiers and place flowers upon them.

THE FIRE REKINDLED[1]

BY CLAIRE WALLACE FLYNN

The rat-a-tat of the drums and the dauntless voice of the fife began to awaken the quiet streets early in

[1] From *Lippincott's Magazine,* January-June, 1907.

the morning. Little bands of Grand Army men, stray cavalry squads, ambitious patriotic citizens on the way to their armories to don their military dress, crossed and recrossed the city, all bent on being early at the starting-point of the Memorial Day parade.

Adam Roth, brought to his window by the insistent call of the fifes, raised his eyes to the cloudless blue of the spring sky and then let them shift back uneasily to his shabby room.

He was old. He was poor. The strength of his life was gone. His whole personality marked him as a failure, a failure that had taken the honest man-to-man look from his eyes and left only a wavering, frightened, almost crafty glance in its stead. His bent shoulders had long ago given up their effort to square themselves against the world, and the knotted hand that smoothed back his thin gray hair trembled distressingly.

As the sounds died away, Adam went and stood beside the bed. On it was laid the full uniform of a Zouave, discolored with the smoke of many battles, ragged and worn with the stress of weary marches. Near one shoulder a faded stain spoke of a wound received at Alexandria.

Adam looked long on this uniform, and then, brushing away a mist from before his eyes, he whispered the name "Dan!" as he sat down beside the clothes and passed his hand over them with a caressing touch.

No, Dan would wear them no more. Dan, the brave brother who had first donned them in '61, who had with unabated love and energy and pride worn them

on every Memorial Day since the first, had gone to the great "Assembly," and only Adam was left.

And Adam! There was no part for him in all these half pleasant, half sad reunions, these enthusiastic parades through the great city, these glorious awakenings of memories of deeds well done in the past. That was what ate into his soul and blotted out the light in his face. *He* had been a coward—*coward!* In those days, when the uniform before him had been a bright red, and the gun, leaning against the foot of the bed, had sparkled and shone, he had failed to answer the bugle call of his country. He had seen his brother volunteer, imbued with the spirit that creates heroes, but he himself had felt the black hand of fear clutch his heart and strike at the very roots of his life. What use to fight against that name of "coward"! In truth, he had not fought; he had let it sweep over him, engulf him, ruin him.

Again the rat-a-tat of the drums. The man on the bed lifted his head. Oh, to feel just once Dan's simple love for his flag, the glow of patriotism, the thrill of war that trembled a faint, hallowed echo on this day! To feel, if such were possible, all these things that had been denied him in his youth—just to feel them once before he too went to that dim place where the Stars and Stripes and all the other banners of the world are furled in everlasting peace!

The sounds in the street below grew louder, and the sun streamed into the room, sending a sudden riot to Adam's heart. The veins in his temples throbbed like ceaseless threshing machines, separating all the chaff of his long life of failure and cowardice from

this strange, burning prayer that sprang up within him, that he might once, only once, go forth in the uniform of the country he loved, to march behind the flag he had failed to protect, to be an American soldier!

He found himself taking off his coat with shaking hands, and, almost before he realized it, he was hurrying into the uniform, talking to himself, and it, the while, in frightened whispers.

"There, now, Dan's gone, but you shall go out into the sunlight as you always have, and the people will cheer when you come along." He was having a great deal of trouble with the rusty old leggings, but he got them on at last.

"And I shall be there, marching in Dan's place. They will never know, nobody will know—but I shall be there where I should have been long ago, with the men who were brave in their youth, and who fought for their flag—their flag. Oh, my God! I love it as much as they did!"

He dusted the moth-eaten fez and put it on his head. The worn tassel fell over his ear, and he tossed it back with a new, free fling of his head. The mantle of Dan seemed truly to have fallen upon him, bringing with it the spirit of '61.

He went down into the street, Dan's rifle across his shoulder, his Zouave jacket lending strength and erectness to his weary back.

A man leading two little boys by the hand pointed him out to the children. "There goes one of those grizzly old fighters, boys. I tell you they did great work!" The words reached Adam, and sent a gleam to his eyes.

The streets were becoming crowded. He threaded his way among the people, conscious of the looks that were cast toward him, the small boys that followed at his heels, adoring and reverent. He had no shame because of his masquerade. He had no wish to defraud. It was simply that now, at this late day, he felt he must don the badge of his country's service.

He hurried on, not knowing where he was going.

"I've made a mistake!" he cried to himself. "I've made a mistake! Every boy in those days may have had his moment of fear, of weakness. Even Dan may have known this moment. But I believed I must be a coward, I never tried to conquer my dread, my terror, at the thought of going into battle. Now I see that it was a mistake. My life is gone, my opportunity is lost, but I want to march behind the flag just once, I want to——"

He never knew how far he had walked when suddenly, at the corner of a street, he was brought to a stop by a compact body of people. He started to push his way through, and the crowd fell back a little at sight of his uniform. A policeman came and helped make a path for him to the outer edge of the crowd.

Then he knew where he was. He saw the lines of silent people on each side of the avenue, and the crash of a military band sounded in his ears. The parade was passing. He stood for a long time and watched it. A space, a lull, then a fife-and-drum corps swung up the avenue. Adam grasped his gun with nervous, tense fingers. The men wore the familiar baggy red trousers, the short jacket, the jaunty little cap. The drums had passed. The thinning lines of veterans

followed, some out of step, some lame, some white and feeble, some with empty sleeves dangling at their sides. Rusty, dusty, and old they marched along, and in their midst the flags, nothing but shreds and strings of silk, riddled and shot away until only a few brave ribbons remained clinging to their staffs. Hats were lifted as they passed, hearts swelled and trembled, and above "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" rose a cheer that held in its depths that great anthem that rises in our breasts for those who have done their duty wherever they have seen it, under any flag, for any principle, so long as they had such love and faith that they would lay down their lives for it, if need be.

The cheers lasted, the straggling ranks went on. They were the Zouaves.

With one great throb of his heart Adam stepped into the street and swung into line.

On and on! How natural it seemed to keep step to that simple call of the fife, that short command of the drum! The rifle grew light upon Adam's shoulder. He was on the end of the line. The man next to him glanced in his direction, and his face whitened.

Dan Roth! Surely old Dan Roth was dead! The whole post had heard of it nearly a year ago. Who, then, was this silent, mysterious figure, springing suddenly from the crowd and joining them? Who was this old, pale Zouave who had Dan's form, Dan's head, with his long, thin locks; Dan's features—save for a strange, unreal expression? Was he himself so near the solving of the Great Mystery that this silent messenger was already at his elbow? The veteran, under

the influence of a strange fear, moved farther from Adam.

On they went. The rhythm of marching feet, the stirring music, the fluttering handkerchiefs, and the ripple of applause all lent their enchantment to this stolen hour. Adam Roth's years were dropping from him; his eyes flashed with the long-denied fire of enthusiasm.

The parade seemed to halt. He glanced at the man next to him to seek the reason when the order for "Rest!" rang down the street. He let his gun rattle to the pavement, and tightened his red sash a little. There was something so real in this jesture, something so human in the way he mopped his forehead, that his neighbor came closer to him.

"Who are you?" asked the man.

Adam wavered a moment before he answered. The simple query blotted out his cherished dream; perhaps it would make the continuance of his march impossible. But finally he turned and answered:

"Dan Roth's brother."

Suddenly he felt the silent encouragement of a handshake. The veteran meant to be his friend. Again the command of "Forward march!" came to them, and they were off once more, this time flashing warm, triumphant, into Riverside Drive. The long march would soon be over now. They were to stop at the Soldiers' Monument for Memorial Day exercises, the Zouaves to constitute a guard of honor. The old soldier next to him had told him this.

The rest seemed unreal, more unreal even than all that had gone before, but finally Adam found himself

on the approach to the monument, with his eyes divided between the sparkling river that flowed past him to the bay, and the sea of faces that swayed below him.

He heard the speaker of the day, a bronzed old general, begin his oration. He heard the flights of eulogistic praise for those who had fought on both sides of the great conflict—words all spelling the name of " Dan "; words meant for every man there but himself—a coward, who even here at the very last was proving himself an impostor.

Beside him stood the color-bearer, holding aloft the tattered glory of the regiment. It seemed that the poor shreds of silk had twined themselves tenderly around his heart in divine forgiveness for his denial of them in the days gone by. The words of the orator floated on the quivering air, and the cannon boomed from the gunboat in the river; but all sounds now seemed to come to Adam from a great distance. He was aflame with the spirit of devotion; the darkened lamp of patriotism had been lighted anew in him, and in the whole world there was nothing else. He dimly wondered if everyone felt as he. It seemed that they must; there could be no one now in this broad land who did not feel the thrill of the moment.

Presently Adam's kindling eyes fell upon a man among the crowd of spectators, a man whose haggard face and twitching body marked him apart. Rage, wild, unreasoning rage at fate, cried out from all his features. The collar tightened up about his throat, and the hat half pulled down over his forehead, gave him a sinister look. With some fascination Adam noticed that his eyes, too, were fastened upon the flag,

or all that was left of it. But what a gaze! In the tortured fastness of his heart Adam knew that *he* had never looked on it as did this man. He had failed, trembled, tried to draw his eyes away where he could not see its tingling red, its unsullied blue, its accusing stars that gazed down on him and saw only a dastard. But this man! His glance was a menace, his look burnt with the hatred of one whose hand is forever set against the insignia of law and loyalty. Adam had heard of men of this kind. Some of them had even tried to draw him, poor failure that he was, into their ranks, but he had been too timid to join them. To-day, however, he was a soldier, a Zouave, a guard of honor, a defender of the flag against just such enemies as these.

The ceremonies were drawing to a close. The silent heroes in blue and gray had had their measure of praise meted out to them, when a bugler stepped forward and played the first bar of the "Star Spangled Banner." There was a shout, a sudden concerted movement of the crowd to get a little nearer the bugler, as the long notes rang out. From his higher place Adam saw the man whom he had been watching push his way to the edge of the crowd, directly facing the flag. His face was darker than ever, with an immeasurable hatred. He sneered as he looked at the Zouaves standing gaunt and rugged about the great monument that had been raised to the memory of their brothers. The people were singing now. The man laughed. Above the voice of palpitating youth and earnest age Adam heard it, and clenched his hand at his side. What did this man mean to do? Such wild-

ness, such enmity, would not go unsatisfied. The man's hand went to his pocket. Adam stood tense, watching his every movement. Again the man looked at the flag—the flag that was almost shot away, the flag that perhaps the man argued had been carried aloft on the battlefield at a frightful and needless cost, while a calm government sat back and said, "Let the slaughter go on." Was that, questioned Adam, that the man was thinking? Adam took a step nearer the standard-bearer, whose dim eyes were ignorant of danger. Adam seemed to feel in some intuitive way what this poor, frantic creature below meant to do. But he must not be allowed to do it—he must not! Those smoky, stained old shreds of silk must not feel a wound from the hand of a disloyal son.

The man's arm shot out. Something gleamed in the sunshine, something sang in the air above the words "in triumph shall wave," and an old Zouave stumbled and fell forward upon the white stones.

The wild disorder of a moment was soon quelled. A line of red-capped soldiers were drawn around the base of the monument. A little group moved toward the standard-bearer, who stood looking down at the prostrate figure at his feet, not forgetting that he was still on duty.

The commander of the post stooped over the fallen man and lifted his head. The man was a stranger to him. He looked at a Zouave standing near, silently questioning him.

"He pushed in front of Peterson, sir, just as that scoundrel fired. He tried to grasp the flag, sir. I guess he saw what the fellow aimed at."

Still the commander looked at the speaker, the man who had marched all the way beside Adam.

"Who is he?" continued the officer. "And what is he doing here? He is not one of my men."

The old Zouave took his ragged cap from his head.

"He was Dan Roth's brother. We have all heard of him—he was the boy who wouldn't join in '61. But to-day he—he——"

The old man knelt down beside Adam. Just below the dim stain on the shoulder of Dan's jacket, the stain which marked that day at Alexandria, there was a new, fresh one. The heart that lay beneath it was at peace.

MEMORIAL DAY 1898

The days are dead of bitter fray, of red despair and black distress;
The blessèd years speed on their way, the years that bring forgetfulness.
Awhile the livid scars we note of biting sword and rending shot,
Awhile there rises in the throat the sob for those who heed it not;
Awhile the remnant still we see that lessens with the seasons' round,
And then—how long till they and we are unremembered, underground?

Lights out! The tragedy is done; the curtain falls; the players cease
Their warlike parts, and here begun behold the Passion-Play of Peace!
Reveille sound! New pageants come; new war-worn knights are marching home:
With trumpets' blare and roll of drums, a triumph 'tis of ancient Rome.

Yet surely 'tis a little thing and meet to do, so, while we may,
Let us bow down remembering a Mother mourns her lost to-day.
What though the word from Eastern isles tells that her newest ministers
Have won fresh battles? Tho' she smiles on those, these too—these too are hers!

Here at the revel's highest tide, before the conquered overseas,
She pauses, pale, to turn aside and cast one flower more for these.

Yea, all are hers—and what a host! Through half the world they mark her way,
Or bleaching on the China coast, or torn and toss'd in Southern bay.

On many a scattered field they lie, from lonely heights call out to her,
In alien waters glad to die, the sea their shifting sepulchre.
We smile again in peace to greet the servient savage, hold our head
Above the clouds of dawn — our feet trampling upon our brothers, dead!

My country, hark! On every hand thou seest thy work and find'st it good —
No, Goddess, no; each inch of land bought with a fallen soldier's blood!
The lover, father, brother, son, have ransomed thee through all the years;
Wan boys have paid thy martyrdom, thy smile is bought with women's tears.
Listen, my Mother, 'tis the mouth thy bursting breasts have ever fed,
From East and West, from North and South: "Give back our dead! Give back our dead!"

Nay, peace! They would not bring thee pain, howe'er their wildest woe be heard:
And when thou needest lives again, their hearts are ready — say the word.
Gladly we help the sacrifice, but though we serve unmurmuringly,
Remember, Freedom is our price, since men must die that men be free;
That is thy pledge, by peace or war, to those who sleep upon the ground
Their blood had bought from shore to shore, until the last reveille sound.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

THE END

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